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Vol. 275

1. British Diplomacy during the First Year of the War.
By Sir Charles Petrie, Bart.
 2. Britain at War.
By Lord Gorell, C.B.E., M.C.
 3. The Third French Republic.
By Professor R. B. Mowat, M.A., D.Litt.
 4. Limitations of the German Mentality.
By Oliver Warner.
 5. The Good Old Times.
By The Rev. Professor C. Rogers.
 6. The Greatness of Samuel Pepys.
By Donald Dale.
 7. The Spirit of W. H. Hudson: An Evaluation.
By Robert Hamilton.
 8. The Return of Law.
By W. J. Blyton.
 9. The Key to Religious Indifference.
By The Rev. Canon Roger Lloyd.
 10. Two Eastern War Episodes.
By Freya Stark.
 11. Mudania and Chanak, 1922.
By General Sir Charles Harington, G.C.B.,
G.B.E.
- Some Recent Books.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 546.—OCTOBER 1940.

Art. 1.—BRITISH DIPLOMACY DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR. ✓

THE lot of the Foreign Minister and of the professional diplomat in time of war is, like that of the proverbial policeman, not a happy one. In peace they occupy the front of the stage where international relations are concerned, while the armed force at their disposal is kept in the background as an argument only to be used in the last resort. When war comes the position is reversed. The sailor, the soldier, and the airman alone matter, and the main, if not the only, duty of the chancelleries is to second the efforts of the fighting man. Nor is this all, for the best-laid plans of diplomacy may at any moment be upset by the progress of hostilities: a defeat in the field may overnight convert a friendly neutral into a potential enemy, while a victory may accomplish in a few hours what months of negotiation have failed to effect. The wise diplomat, therefore, reconciles himself to the fact that in war he is not a principal but an accessory, while never forgetting that war is not an end in itself, and that one day the soldier will have to give place again to the statesman.

Paradoxical as the present conflict has been in many ways, it has been true to tradition in this respect, and the Germans have supported their arms by diplomacy in a manner which must, however reluctantly, evoke our praise. Their skill in this respect is in marked contrast with their blunders during the Four Years' War, and not even Napoleon displayed so much resource: indeed, it would probably be necessary to go back to Louis XIV to find a precedent for such perfect co-ordination. The secret of Hitler's success in this direction would seem to

lie in the extensive use which has been made of German citizens, who are not professional diplomats, but who possess, for a variety of reasons, influence in one foreign country or another. No opportunity to present the German case has been neglected whether by personal contact or by the printed word. Even before the war these tactics were widely practised, and there was little evidence of that jealousy on the part of the regular diplomat towards the amateur which is unhappily by no means unknown among our own fellow-countrymen. It is all very well to mock at the army of experts which are attached, officially and unofficially, to the various German embassies and legations, but they have undoubtedly proved of enormous value to the Reich. Totalitarian diplomacy is a necessary adjunct to totalitarian war.

General Sarraill once observed to Clemenceau that since he had seen alliances at work he had lost something of his admiration for Napoleon, and in any consideration of the attitude of the British Government during the first year of the present war it must not be forgotten that for nine months of it we had in France an ally with whose leaders it was not always easy to co-operate. In these circumstances and until the archives have yielded up their secrets it would obviously be unfair to censure Lord Halifax and his colleagues too severely for adopting or for not adopting such-and-such a course. There have been several occasions when a forward policy would have produced immediate results, and that it was not pursued may well have been due to the representations of Paris. Hitler long enjoyed the advantage of being free from such handicaps, but now the positions are reversed. He has Italy to take into account, while Mr Churchill need be mindful of no interests save those of the British Empire.

Before examining the Government's external policy, however, it is but just to take into consideration the domestic circumstances in which the Foreign Office has been called upon to work. If it be accepted that the task of Lord Halifax has been to second the efforts of the armed forces of the Crown and to see that the British case is adequately presented to the outside world, then it must be admitted that he has had to work under difficulties that might have daunted a Talleyrand. In addition to the Foreign Office there were the Ministry of

Information, the British Council, and the B.B.C. all engaged in the same task, and where the responsibilities of one ended and another began no one knew, or even now seems to know. Also, Lord Halifax and Mr Butler have had to contend with official reluctance to adopt the methods which proved so successful in the Four Years' War, and which the Germans have extensively employed, namely, the employment of private individuals with special knowledge of different countries. Sir Denison Ross was indeed sent to Turkey, but that was the exception which has proved the rule.

The war had not long been in progress before British diplomacy found itself under the shadow of a serious reverse. A guarantee had been given to Poland which it proved impossible to implement, while Russia, for whose support Great Britain and France had been angling, proceeded to play the jackal to the German tiger. At once the smaller nations began to question the value of British support, and when Finland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Belgium all went down it was only natural that the whole of Europe from the Channel to the Greek frontier should become for all practical purposes the protectorate of the Axis Powers. Chiefs of State have come to Berchtesgaden to receive the instructions of Hitler as once their predecessors went to Paris to hear those of Napoleon, and neutrality has been shamelessly violated in the interests of Germany and Italy by the neutrals themselves. The fact was that a system had collapsed, and British foreign policy was for a time buried in the ruins. There was never any hope of saving the nations of Eastern Europe except by collective security, and when such old stalwarts of the League of Nations as Norway and Sweden went back on the Covenant the old order was clearly at an end. Of that old order Great Britain had been the principal support, and her prestige was bound to suffer when it was overthrown.

Should the guarantees have been given in the first instance? In the light of subsequent events it is easy to argue that they were a mistake, but it must be remembered that at the time they took place there was every indication that they would have the effect of making Hitler pause, and the lesser Powers had not yet thrown themselves into the arms of Berlin. Moreover, they were

welcomed by all parties in the country, and it is inconceivable that the approval of the naval and military authorities was not obtained in advance. Whether it would have been possible to relieve the pressure upon Poland by bombing attacks on Western Germany or by an onslaught on the Siegfried Line cannot be decided for want of evidence, and the same answer must be given to the question whether there were obstacles other than strategic which could not be overcome. Because the Government was unable to implement the guarantees, that does not mean it was wrong to give them when circumstances were very different. All the same, the failure to give effect to them dealt the prestige of Britain an extremely severe blow and was the principal cause of the isolation which so soon followed. To the uncritical but very scared Continental observer it seemed as if the initiative both in war and in diplomacy had passed permanently into the hands of the Axis Powers.

Then there was the Russian attack on Finland. To what extent this took place with the knowledge and consent of Berlin it is impossible to say, but the invasion raised problems of the first importance for Great Britain. It is true that no guarantee had been given to Finland, but the Russian action constituted aggression in its most odious form, and it was against aggression that the British Empire had taken up arms. Already it was being asked in some quarters, both at home and abroad, when was aggression considered by Whitehall not to be aggression; and to this the reply was when it was committed by Russia. Accordingly, it was determined to set the machinery of the League of Nations in motion, and Russia was duly expelled from Geneva, while the members of the League were called upon to give what assistance they could to the Finns. Much water and not a little blood had flowed under the bridges since Sanctions had been applied to Italy four years before, and even they had proved so leaky as to fail in their object. By the autumn of 1939 the power of the League to punish was clearly a thing of the past, as was soon shown by the attitude of Norway and Sweden. An Anglo-French expeditionary force to aid Finland had been prepared, and the Governments at Oslo and Stockholm were asked to allow it to cross their territory under Article 16 of the Covenant, by which the

contracting parties pledged themselves to 'take the necessary steps to afford passage through their territory to the forces of any of the members of the League which are co-operating to protect the covenants of the League.' Norway and Sweden refused the necessary permission, and Finland had to make the best terms she could with Russia. By the irony of fate, or perhaps the logic of circumstances, it was Norway herself who was next to stand in need of assistance against an aggressor.

There can be no disguising the fact that ever since the war began the problem of Russia has been one of the most thorny with which British diplomacy has had to deal. On the purely material side there is much to be said for inducing her to come into the war against Germany, for this would at once produce that state of hostilities on two fronts of which Berlin is justifiably nervous; on the other hand, the price might be too high, and two centuries of history have shown that Russia is wholly unreliable as an ally. The only one of her rulers whose word could be trusted was the hapless Nicholas II. Moreover, Soviet Russia is justifiably suspect to very large sections of British public opinion. She stands, at least as much as Nazi Germany, for everything against which we are fighting, and there is little to be said for the policy of casting out Beelzebub by means of Beelzebub. Nor is this all, for it is in the highest degree inadvisable that the Continent should be given the impression that when Germany is defeated Communism is to be allowed by Great Britain to establish itself everywhere on the mainland of Europe. The overwhelming mass of people all over the world would, if forced to choose, prefer to be ruled by Hitler rather than by Stalin, and it should be a cardinal point in British diplomacy that they are not confronted with any such choice.

For a time the position was complicated by the guarantee to Roumania, for it was by no means certain whether or not this covered aggression on the part of Russia, and there was a time when different constructions were put upon it in official circles in London and in Bucharest. The manifest reluctance of the Turks to allow British warships into the Black Sea settled the point in fact if not in theory, and when the Russians demanded Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina the

guarantee was not invoked. King Carol turned to the Axis Powers, and on his initiative it lapsed. Whatever may be the result of this from the point of view of Roumania, there can be no doubt that from the British standpoint it was an unmixed blessing. The hands of Great Britain are now free where Russia is concerned, and it is well that this should be the case in view of the difficulty of negotiating with her. It may be that the history of Russian foreign policy towards France after Tilsit will be repeated in respect of Germany in the immediate future, but it would be foolish to count on this. In any event, the utmost care will have to be taken that Stalin does not become the residuary legatee of the present war.

All these, however, were minor embarrassments compared with the overthrow of France. For more than a generation the Entente had been one of the principal bases of British foreign policy, and now it was gone, possibly never to reappear in the lifetime of any now alive. Comparisons have been made with the Diplomatic Revolution of 1756, when Britain abandoned the old alliance with Austria for a new one with Prussia, but the cases are hardly comparable, for that was merely the exchange of one ally for another: to-day Britain is engaged in a major war without a single effective ally, a situation in which she has never found herself save during a brief period of the Peninsular War.

Until the collapse of France it was widely believed in England that when victory was won her ally would look after the Continent, and that the statesmen of the two countries would work in harmony, having duly learnt the lessons taught by the period of friction between Versailles and Locarno. In short, the peace settlement would rest upon the armed might of France; and there were a very large number of people in all parts of the British Isles who contemplated this prospect with positive relish. That dream vanished overnight, and upon Great Britain alone now rests the responsibility not only of defeating Germany but also of effecting a satisfactory settlement of Europe afterwards; of these two tasks the latter may easily prove the more formidable. France might have been willing to undertake the work which her friends wished to see assigned to her, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether

the British electorate will desire that their Government should take her place ; and it is certain that the Empire overseas, upon whose support in peace and war the mother country must increasingly rely, will be opposed to any such policy. With the example of 1918 before them, when the war ended suddenly and the Government were without plans for peace, it is to be hoped that Ministers have appreciated the full significance of the eclipse of France as a Great Power. One would like to think that a small committee, upon which non-official opinion was adequately represented, was already considering the problems of peace.

Upon any plans for the future the course of events in France herself will naturally exercise the most profound influence, and it is too early yet to say how rapid her recovery will be or what form it will take. One thing alone may be prophesied with certainty, and it is that whatever may be the future of our neighbour, it will concern us. As Kipling wrote :

Where did you refrain from us or we refrain from you ?
Ask the wave that has not watched war between us two !

The two countries can never be indifferent to one another, however much they may wish to be so. At the same time it would be foolish to expect that the renaissance of France will take place the moment that the weight of Germany is lifted from her shoulders or that the new France will necessarily resemble that which we have known for the past seventy years. Her history has been chequered in the extreme, and the periods of weakness have sometimes been prolonged. For example, it is by no means improbable that she may be entering upon just such another phase as that which marked the reigns of the last three Valois monarchs, when old and new ideas struggled for mastery and foreign armies fought on her soil. It is to be hoped that this is not the case, but the possibility cannot be dismissed.

Of all Continental countries France has been of late years the least known in Great Britain. Every Englishman has considered that he had nothing to learn about her, and has turned to an intensive study of Germany, Italy, Spain, or Russia. When lecturers or writers have suggested France as a subject they have nine times out of

ten been asked to choose some other, and it is to be feared that Whitehall has not kept itself any better posted. France has been taken for granted, and the result is that England has been taken by surprise. If this error is not to be repeated a little more attention will have to be paid to the lessons of French history, and one of them is that France does not take kindly to the *émigré* supported by the foreigner. No praise can be too high and no sympathy too great for those Frenchmen who have thrown in their lot with this country at the price of all they hold dear; they have obviously the most extensive claims upon British gratitude and support. Yet it would be unwise to imagine that the France of to-morrow will seek her leaders in Carlton House Terrace any more than the France of the Revolution sought them in Coblenz. Had they been able to establish themselves somewhere on French soil, even in a remote colony, the situation would have been different. If the past be any guide to the future, the saviour of France will come from France herself, and probably from the people.

If the defection of our French ally has immeasurably increased our difficulties in the Old World, it has considerably diminished them in the New by stimulating pro-British sympathies both in Anglo-Saxon and Latin America. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that British diplomacy has been as successful in the Americas as it has been a failure in Europe. It has been aided by circumstances, such as the incident of the 'Graf Spee' and the obvious British mastery of the seas, but skilful propaganda has also played no mean part. If there is one criticism that could be made it is that closer co-ordination might produce even more gratifying results. At present the B.B.C., the Ministry of Information, and the British Council all employ different propagandists: if they concentrated on making the same people household words from the Great Lakes to Cape Horn alike in the Press, on the wireless, and in literature their appeal would be greatly strengthened. This, however, is a relatively small point, and in no way detracts from the truth of the statement already made, namely, that in the New World the diplomacy and propaganda of Britain have been a striking success. The result is that the Americas have formed a very just appreciation of what is at stake in the war, and

now that they are themselves threatened by the Axis Powers they are taking steps to avoid the fate of so many European nations.

The influence of this state of affairs upon the German Government is probably much greater than is commonly supposed. The moral even more than the material effect of the entry of the United States into the war on the side of Great Britain would be incalculable. The prevalence of anti-German feeling in the New World can be kept from the public in the Reich and the occupied territories so long as it does not result in any overt act, but if hostilities broke out the consequences on the home front might be catastrophic. Every German of middle age well remembers that the participation of the United States in the Four Years' War rendered inevitable the defeat of his country, while even the younger generation has a wholesome respect for the nation which did so much to rebuild Germany in the 'twenties. In these circumstances it is not too much to say that the intervention of the United States in the war would be widely regarded in the Reich as the beginning of the end, and even the resources of the Gestapo would be severely taxed to repress the discontent thus engendered. Therefore, Hitler is likely, unless he is more of a megalomaniac than we suspect, to do everything in his power to prevent the Americas passing from words to deeds, and to try to defeat Great Britain before the rearmament of the United States has reached the stage when Washington is in a position to intervene effectively.

None of these considerations call for any modification of British foreign policy, which for many years past has included a close understanding with the United States among its principal objects. In this connection it is surely not too much to hope that the recent Anglo-American Agreement marks the beginning of a new era, and that it may well prove not only the turning point in the war, but also a landmark in the history of the twentieth century. It opens up possibilities one hesitates at this stage even to enumerate. However this may be, British relations with the United States are on a much more satisfactory footing than has previously been the case, for they are unaffected by American party politics. Whether Mr Roosevelt or Mr Willkie is successful at the

forthcoming election the policy of the State Department will remain unaltered, and that policy will be cordial towards the British Empire. When one recollects the situation on the morrow of the Four Years' War, not to mention that which obtained earlier in the century, it is impossible not to regard with considerable confidence the future of Anglo-American relations.

In respect of Latin America the position is equally satisfactory, thanks very largely to the blunders of the enemy. The strength of Anglophil sentiment is the more remarkable and gratifying in view of the fact that all the Latin American republics are suffering economic loss in consequence of the war. Thus it may be said that they are prepared to put up with no inconsiderable sacrifices, fully realising what is at stake. German threats have merely strengthened their determination and German propaganda has so far been wide of the mark. Perhaps the most subtle argument yet advanced by Berlin is that a British victory would mean the triumph of Socialism in its most crude form, if not of Communism, and that this would bring about red revolution in those states which contain a large number of uneducated Indians. In view of the attacks made by the Germans upon the alleged British plutocracy these contradictory assertions may appear merely ludicrous, but they should not therefore be taken too lightly. Hitler got into power in Germany by exploiting one grievance in the east and another in the west, and the same policy has stood him in good stead on the wider European stage. In the present instance the B.B.C. has done admirable work in nailing this particular lie to the counter, for it is of the utmost importance in the New World as in the Old that the impression should not gain ground that the defeat of Germany will connote the victory of Communism.

The Pan-American conference at Havana in July was encouraging in that it gave evidence of a growing solidarity between the United States and the Latin republics. It is true that, for reasons which are well understood, Argentina stood somewhat aloof, but this was in no way due to any sympathy for the Axis Powers. In effect, there was reached at Havana one of those regional understandings which are so much disliked in Berlin. Further-

more, the attitude of Latin America is not only important in itself but also because of its effect upon the Peninsula. Community of outlook with the old colonies of Spain is one of the principal objects of Spanish Nationalism, and the sympathy felt for Great Britain by Latin America is likely to deter General Franco from too close an approximation to her enemies.

It is, however, not only in respect of the German menace that the interests of Great Britain and the United States are coming to coincide more closely every day, for the course of events in the Far East is also bringing the two Powers together. In that quarter British diplomacy has indeed a difficult task. The Four Years' War saw Japan make her first moves in the direction of obtaining control of China, and she has since taken advantage of every crisis in the West to strengthen her hold upon her unfortunate neighbour. The present conflict has provided an excellent opportunity for developing this policy, and the avowed aim of Japan is now to build up a position in the Far East which shall be unassailable when the war is at an end. Therefore it is a Japanese interest to force the pace, just as it is a British one to play for time until Germany is defeated. On the other hand, Tokyo dare not push matters too far for fear of bringing the United States into the field against her. The situation is further complicated by the difficulty of discovering where power rests in Japan at any one moment. The Government is often a mere façade behind which the army and navy pursue their own policy, while behind them there are dark forces which the European finds it well-nigh impossible to understand.

In these troubled waters the Germans have enjoyed some very good fishing. As we have seen, Hitler obtained power in his own country by setting one section of the community against another, and he has also found the policy of *divide et impera* remarkably helpful in gaining the temporary mastery of the European mainland. In the Far East he has always courted Japan, and in spite of her Chinese commitments she might well have entered the war on the German side in September of last year had it not been for the Russo-German agreement. Since the collapse of France and the transformation of the war into a straight fight between Great Britain and the Axis

Powers it has become of the greatest importance to Berlin to distract British attention from the main theatre of war in Western and Southern Europe: hence the Japanese are cast in the Far East for the part which the Italians are playing in North and East Africa and which King Amanullah is attempting to play on the frontiers of India. The Japanese, however, are by no means convinced that Germany is going to win the war, while they have no desire to become involved immediately in a conflict with the United States, and ultimately in one with a victorious British Empire, for the *beaux yeux* of the Führer. Accordingly, they are likely to snatch every advantage for themselves which they can, but not to become too deeply involved until they see which way the struggle goes in Europe. This policy of pinpricks, however, is in itself an embarrassment to Great Britain and an asset to Germany.

This brief survey of the problems which British diplomacy is being called upon to face in different parts of the world is eloquent testimony to the change which has taken place in the character of the war since its commencement twelve months ago. Then it appeared likely to be restricted in its scope and all the belligerents expressed their intention of preventing its extension. All the same it has spread with ever-increasing rapidity, until it appears a mere question of time when the whole world is in flames, and to refer to the Four Years' War as the Great War will be sheer mockery. It may even be that the present conflict will prove the Peloponnesian War of Europe, and in that case Britain will have cause to be thankful that she has the Empire overseas to which she can turn. However this may be, forces have been unloosed which will not by any means be easy to control, and at the least this war will complete the political, social, and economic revolution initiated by its predecessor a quarter of a century ago. To ignore this development would be to run the risk of approaching the problems of peace from the wrong angle. The Four Years' War has so impressed itself upon all alive to-day, whether or not they remember it in any detail, that they are continually seeking parallels between it and the present conflict, with the result that many speculations are based upon false analogies. For example, it was not until the Four Years'

War had been in progress for some time that the forces of revolution were let loose, whereas in the case of the existing struggle they were the cause of the outbreak of hostilities. It is to be feared that those responsible for the formulation of British policy have not always appreciated this distinction, though no such charge can be brought against Mr Churchill personally.

In the form it has taken the present conflict has come to resemble the Napoleonic rather than the Four Years' War. The struggle, now as then, is clearly one between the master of Europe and the British people, with other nations intervening from time to time of necessity or choice. The smaller Powers are either being drawn into the fight or are being compelled to become the vassals of one or other belligerent. To crush his enemy Hitler is endeavouring to mould Europe into a political and economic unit under his absolute rule, while the British weapon of the blockade is bound to affect neutrals as well as combatants. In these circumstances it behoves British diplomacy to be considerably more elastic than it was twenty-five years ago, and even to be willing to learn from the enemy. He has to no inconsiderable extent succeeded in his purpose of mobilising the Continent against us, and if the tables are to be successfully turned upon him we must in some degree employ his methods. Everybody knows what the future will be if Germany wins: it may not be a future that is likely to appeal to non-German peoples, but at least there is no doubt about it. On the other hand, nobody, not even in Great Britain itself, knows what the British Government means to do with its victory, and the resulting uncertainty is not working in favour of British interests.

It has already been shown how this question has been affected by the eclipse of France. Previous to that event it was assumed that the peace would be a French peace; but however quickly France may recover—and there is no reason to suppose that her revival will be specially rapid—she will be in no position to play the part in post-war Europe which would have been hers had she not been defeated. No British victory, however complete, can put France where she was in April 1940: she must do that herself, and it will be a lengthy process. Even apart from this it is impossible to put back the clock where it

stood before Hitler's assumption of power. That Europe had its chance and failed : to attempt to restore it in its entirety would be to render another catastrophe inevitable. If this war is completing in every sphere of human activity the revolutions initiated by its predecessor, then the utmost care will have to be taken that the necessary national and international adjustments do not result in a whole series of conflicts spread over the remaining years of the century. This result will not be achieved if British statesmen, in whose hands the destinies of Europe will lie, approach their task in such a way as to prove that they have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing.

It would, for example, be a serious mistake to attempt to prescribe the form of constitution which the various countries of Europe should adopt, and nothing would be more likely to cause fresh trouble than to insist upon the British example being followed in this respect. We are pledged to the overthrow of the Nazi regime not because it is repugnant to the vast majority of the people in these islands but because it has proved incompatible with the maintenance of real peace in Europe. Mr Neville Chamberlain gave his fellow-countrymen very sound advice when he told them that it was impossible to conduct a foreign policy on a basis of likes and dislikes. Another British Prime Minister, Benjamin Disraeli, wrote : ' A free government on a great scale of national representation is the very gradual work of time, and especially of preparatory institutions.' It has in the past been the non-fulfilment of these conditions which has brought to naught attempts to establish the British political system on the Continent, and there is certainly no reason to suppose that the outlook is any more propitious to-day. Once the Nazi regime collapses in Germany there will be a rush all over Europe to discard any institutions which recall it, and that will be sufficient for British purposes.

Many mistakes have been made of late years by those in charge of the foreign policy of this country, but successive Foreign Secretaries have endeavoured to avoid taking sides in the internal disputes of other nations. It is to be hoped that this precedent will be followed after the war. Great Britain is now the temporary home of several foreign governments, and in any event the position

of these administrations will not be too easy when they return to the capitals from which they may by then have been separated for years. Their difficulties will be increased so as to become insuperable if there is any suspicion that they are pledged to impose a constitution modelled on that of the country whose hospitality they have enjoyed. Indeed, unless Great Britain is to be perpetually interfering in the domestic affairs of the Continental Powers these latter must be allowed to choose their own form of government. In any case, it seems unlikely that the future will witness a return to that constitutional uniformity which was so prominent a characteristic of the nineteenth century. Within the past twenty years attempts have been made to render the world safe first for democracy and then for dictatorship: the one has failed and the other is failing. Diversity is too marked a feature of the human race for all mankind to hold to one theory of politics for long, and just as uniformity in religious government is a thing of the past, so in the years to come is secular government likely to be established upon a different footing in the various states of the world. In the Middle Ages it would have seemed incredible that God should be worshipped in one form in Scotland, in another in England, and in yet a third in France, but such was the result of the Reformation, and the frontier between Protestantism and Catholicism has not seriously changed since. Just as Protestant and Catholic nations exist side by side without friction to-day, so it is to be hoped that after the war the lion of autocracy will lie down in international amity with the lamb of democracy.

This is not the time for any general discussion of detailed war aims or peace terms, but the considerations enumerated above cannot safely be neglected by those responsible for the conduct of British diplomacy. The collapse of a whole system of alliances and the eclipse of the League of Nations have left our statesmen with freer hands than they have had since the beginning of the century, and it is to be hoped that they will take advantage of the opportunity which is offered to them. Every day the overseas Empire, Dominion and Colonial, becomes of increased importance to Great Britain, and her foreign policy must take this into account. Another great

Imperial Power, namely Spain, pursued in the Old World a line of action that was inconsistent with her interests in the New, and to this her decline was largely due. That is an example to be avoided, for without the Empire overseas Great Britain merely represents a group of overpopulated and quite defenceless islands off the north-west coast of Europe.

Looking back over the past twelve months in the light of the task that is ahead it is difficult to resist the conclusion that whatever sins lie to the account of British diplomacy they are those of omission rather than of commission. It may be that what appears excessive caution was imposed by circumstances or by allies : in any event, this consideration can no longer apply with its old force. Boldness has paid Germany, and it is hard to believe that it will not pay Britain. Before this can be brought about the doctrine of the 'closed shop' will have to be abandoned, and men will have to be employed in the conduct of the country's relations with other nations solely on their qualifications for the job in hand, irrespective of their previous affiliations. If the Diplomatic Service, which has traditions second to none, will but enlist the help of those who have personal acquaintance with the great movements now sweeping across the world, there is no reason why Germany should not be defeated in diplomacy even before she is beaten in arms. In any event, such a combination of tradition and initiative would provide just the machinery which will be needed by Mr Churchill and his colleagues when the time comes to make peace ; that is to say when British statesmanship will be subjected to a test far greater than anything it experienced at Utrecht, Vienna, or Versailles.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Art. 2.—BRITAIN AT WAR.

IN the uneasy months of last year—and before that—when the world was suffering from that bad attack of suppressed war that we miscalled peace, when at any rate there were no massed deaths by violence from bombs, shells, and the like except in China (but that, we must remember, was—and is—not war but an ‘incident,’ and that though it has meant the sudden death of several millions of people), and also in the first strange months of this war until December 1939 it was my interesting task to write each month a brief commentary upon passing events and current literature. That was in the pages of the ‘Cornhill Magazine,’ now among our memories of the world before the deluge; and long ago it seems. Much has changed since then, and more is changing—even as I write these words the dismal rise and fall of the wailing of sirens proclaims abroad the approach of enemy aircraft over an English scene, both a sound and a fact which belong alone to this ‘brave new world for which our brothers died.’ But one thing has not changed; and it is that which is my opening reflection—the extreme difficulty of writing any commentary upon the events of this epoch when that has of necessity to be written some time in advance of its appearance in print. The interval in respect of my ‘Cornhill’ commentaries was about three weeks, though it was possible to add a fresh paragraph or amend one already in proof a week or so later—and often in the hectically altering conditions of international affairs advantage had to be taken of that possibility. Now once again I am writing for a publication of the house of John Murray, for one of the very few really unchanging publications of the universe, and the interval between the days of writing and of being read is longer. It is necessary that I should set it down that I am writing this on the day normally first assigned to thoughts of grouse, namely, August 12, and that it will be read on or about the day similarly assigned to thoughts of pheasants, namely, October 1—for between these two lie some of the most fateful days in the history of the world. Any prophecy may be utterly falsified, any comment may be seen to be utterly antediluvian. It was no less a personage than

Lord Halifax, than whom, in my view at least, there have been few more outstanding examples of the highest qualities of the English character since we emerged from heathendom, who paused in the middle of a public utterance in the course of which he was being far from pessimistic, to say with one of his disarming smiles, 'of course I may be proved wrong within the next twenty-four hours.' Never has there been a period when the prophet ran greater risks; and personally I have found myself so often quite wrong in my private speculations as to the course of the war's military operations that the one solid consolation left is that same feeling with which, I suppose, a gambler, after seeing red turn up a score of times, puts his money with confidence on the black.

Prophecy will, however, not be seriously attempted in the following pages: that complete victory will ultimately rest upon our arms I take to be the supreme certainty, and I am not here concerned about the manner or even the date. My purpose is different, to survey the changing scene as it has unfolded itself since we were irresistibly impelled into war, and for that I must make one of two assumptions concerning the six weeks that—on August 12—lie immediately ahead. These two are that either an attempt at the subjugation of Great Britain by means of invasion has been made and has failed or that it has not been made by October 1, which is to say that it will not be made at all. There is, obviously, a third assumption that it has been made and has succeeded, but it is unnecessary to consider that, first, because it does not now seem to me a reasonable assumption (whatever it may conceivably have been on, say, June 24) and, secondly, because if it were to be so no one will be troubling to read a word of the 'Quarterly,' nor is it probable that that would ever be printed.

Of these two assumptions I choose the latter, that a serious mass invasion using all the varied might and devilry of Germany has not been, and in consequence will not be, made. If that assumption is wrong and the former right, that it has been made and defeated, obviously the writing is already on the wall for Hitler and all he stands for, and the one thing that it will really be of interest to consider will be the extraordinarily difficult problem of peace. It is because the defeat of such an invasion would

have such obviously disastrous consequences for the invader that I for one believe the immense risks now inherent for him in it will not be taken—though without any question whatever all our thoughts and plans for these next six weeks must be based upon the contrary belief.

For the purpose of these pages then I assume that the gigantic strides made in the defence of these islands since the fall of France has served its immediate end, and that the first chapter of the war has closed and may accordingly now fittingly be reviewed. When this article is read, a whole year of conflict will lie behind us: the expert commentators on strategy will have their freedom, and good use may they, in due course, make of it. I am not concerned with strategy, which is—for all the prevalence of custom to the contrary—best left to experts; my concern is general, a roving commission, in fact, over the public field, and I can tackle that the more freely in that, at this very second of writing, the long monotone of the 'All Clear' is ringing out across the English scene, an hour, approximately, since the first signal rose and fell on the morning air of a sunny summer's day. (As though it could read over my shoulder, the rise and fall begins all over again—no matter: we are phlegmatic folk, we English, as Hitler ought sorrowfully now to be aware. As the old cow-man remarked to me of these air-raiders, 'they're as bad nor 'n a lot o' wasps'.)

This exordium, long as it has been, is, I suggest, not merely excusable; it is essential. The one predominant sensation (apart from our innate conviction of the ultimate suppression of evil) is uncertainty. 'If it is certain that nothing is certain,' began the inquiring small son of the eminent professor, 'how can it be certain that nothing is . . . ?' And we cannot, as his nurse did, sharply interrupt with, 'Eat your tea!' We are conscious, however, that in spite of Dr Goebbels we still have tea to eat—and much more. And additional to uncertainty, arising from it, is this shadowy menace of invasion, to which, as it seems now, all else in the war has been preliminary. A few minutes ago I asked a friend to give me an answer to the question, 'What do you consider the principal change brought about by the war?' Without a moment's hesitation my friend replied, 'The prevention of movement,' by which was meant, so further inquiry

made plain, the cutting off—in August—of so many innocent seaside visits and pleasures. An unexpected answer, and yet, as our enemies frequently forget, or more probably strive desperately to forget, the sea is in our blood and forms, consciously or unconsciously, a prominent part of a great deal of our thought. The threat of invasion dominates our seaside resorts, and they mean so much to us, especially in the season which normally means holiday time. My friend's thought, passing on, dwelt upon this, the absence throughout the land of holidays—and that to me called up Bevin, Herbert Morrison, and all the train of political upheaval which has at last brought Winston Churchill to the Premiership that for so long seemed certain to be the one office his versatility would never attain.

Do we, I wonder, yet realise—do we at any rate at this moment of writing in mid-August realise—what a transformation we experienced this summer? The naturalness, even the placidity with which we undergo such experiences is terribly baffling to the foreigner, even the intelligent foreigner who has made close acquaintance with us for years: to Hitler, who knows nothing whatever about us, it must be more than baffling, it must be monstrously exasperating. It was a subject of much spirited comment in the Press of the world at the time of the General Strike (æons ago, that is); it was again a matter of congratulatory surprise at the time of the abdication of King Edward VIII (a century or more ago); but it was taken everywhere—apparently—for granted when Mr Churchill became Prime Minister, with Mr Neville Chamberlain still an honoured member of the War Cabinet and with the two most powerful Labour leaders of the day in the Government but not in the War Cabinet. How could such a conjunction of opposites (and the full list of the Government includes many another) conceivably work in any other country but ours? And the explanation this time is not that genius for compromise which is undeniably British but is so often another name for indifference: this time the explanation is just the opposite—it has been made to work, it really is working, and with a considerably higher degree of efficiency than is achieved by, or even expected from, most British Governments, just because indifference is one of the things which is utterly swept

away. I do not believe that ever before in our whole long history has the nation been so completely, so unifiedly resolute: over and over again, in the matter of industrial effort, in the matter of taxation, in the matter of local defence, to name but three of the great war stimulants, the response of the nation has been 'You are not asking of us too much, but too little'; never—in one sense—has a leader had an easier task, all the millions under him clamouring only to be led. This is, of course, for Britons, the natural corollary to the magnitude and intensity of the peril, that instinct for 'closing the ranks' which has been manifested on other, and lesser, occasions. It is, when all is said and done, the quality of invincibility.

So strong is it that we have taken Mr. Churchill's Premiership and all the acts that have flowed from that in our stride. We demanded, in accordance with the grim necessities of the hour, a leadership of inspiration and energy: we no longer could do with those attributes of which statesmen in quieter times are most proud, moderation in planning, matter of factness in exposition, and so forth; we needed something different, and Mr Churchill was pre-eminently the man to give us what we needed. Occasionally, in hours when the drums of war beat less threateningly in our ears, it is perhaps permissible to feel a twinge of surprise at some of the things that are part of the record of this determined and zealous Government—that Anglo-French Union, for example. Darkly lowering as was the storm, what a singular umbrella to have been produced, like a conjurer's rabbit, suddenly and without one word of preliminary authorisation from the Mother of Parliaments! Had it by any possibility been accepted, what a marvellous amount of chaos, administrative, legal, and political, must of necessity have resulted! The lawyers of both countries at any rate would have prospered. Or the really scandalous and shameful mismanagement of the alien internees, the War Office, of all Ministries, being at first responsible even for the internment of children, and the Home Office blandly promising favourable consideration, even though cases it was about to consider (and presumably favourably) were found to have passed out of its jurisdiction to Australia. Or again Mr Duff Cooper and his 'snoopers'—in which there seemed to be all the makings of a successful

music-hall refrain. Or, once again, the alteration—by a verbal whim from the Prime Minister—of the title, become familiar and describing with singular exactness their functions and place in the forces of the nation, of Local Defence Volunteers to the nebulous and rather pretentious designation of Home Guards, a little change of insignificance, which, as a Scot has calculated, cost the country about 4,000*l.* in armlets alone, omitting the change of stationery, etc. That these—and other—matters should, for all the vehemence of individual criticism, Parliamentary, Press, and private, have affected the prestige and power of the Government not a whit is some measure of its quite phenomenal stability and strength. We are in the hands to-day (August 12) of four men, two in the Cabinet, two out—Winston Churchill, Lord Beaverbrook, Ernest Bevin, and Herbert Morrison; and we will stand anything from the Government which they control because we believe wholeheartedly that their one aim is the aim of the nation, resolute utilisation of all our resources until victory is achieved.

We treat this now as a matter of course, but if we look back and reflect, as we are surely entitled to do after the first year—and the first chapter—of the war is concluded, we may legitimately feel some reason for self-congratulation. Most things that political leaders could do to bring into being a contrary mind have been done, unconsciously of course and not by our present Government alone, but nevertheless unquestionably done and from the very beginning of the war. The Ministry of Information has had a rough passage, but perhaps no rougher than its errors have deserved. Alternately, and ever since September 1939, the British people have been cajoled and threatened: I do not here refer at all to the voices from abroad, which were at first only a joke, then a bore, and finally a nuisance, but to the voices—and pens—which have been surrounding us at home. All too seldom has the British public been treated as though it consisted of grown men and women accustomed as a result of their heritage to think for themselves: the noble exception is provided by Mr Churchill, and it is to that, much more, in my judgment, than to his purple patches, that his astonishing influence is due. He speaks out without attempting to sweeten the medicine or withhold the lump

of sugar. But, apart from such exceptions, there has been a steady alternation: at one time everything is *couleur de rose*—occasionally of course in a war so widespread and so tremendous that has later, sometimes only a little later, been proved to be a *gaffe* of the first water; we can all of us call to mind at least one instance—at another time everything is represented in such a way as to suggest that the order has gone out that we have not been taking events sufficiently seriously and our flesh must accordingly, and of course only for our own good, be made to creep. After some doses of this doubts begin to assail the minds of the powers that be (whoever they may be): perhaps there is a risk, almost one can hear them say in chorus, that the Great British public may be getting unduly depressed: reverse the machine, or rather push in the one stop and pull out the other—again, for a short while, all becomes *couleur de rose*, until again doubts assail the pullers and out comes the other stop again. A curious seesaw, for the most part completely ineffective in either of its own main aims. The British public, over many a century, has fallen into the habit of forming its own conclusions and is not prepared to adopt a different custom now. All it asks, and insistently, is that it shall be told the truth as fully and as speedily as is possible without facts being promulgated that can be of service to its enemies.

As fully and as speedily, yes, but surely not as frequently. We have, we who are called upon to live through these years, many crosses to bear, some grievous and some only vexatious, but one of the worst of the minor crosses—and at times it is so bad as almost to pass into the major category—is the broadcasting of the news by the B.B.C. No more valuable instrument was ever devised for mass distribution of information, false or true, as Hitler has long ago discovered, than the wireless, but also no more dangerous. Its universality must impress the least thoughtful: wherever one goes there, preceding, accompanying, following, is the same voice doling out the news—and from it there can be no escape; it floats down from open windows in towns, it drifts over the fences in suburban gardens, it penetrates insidiously into the country lanes from the cottages. This would not so much matter if it kept any set, recognisable, and avoidable hours; but it

seems never to have heard of any limitation of working hours and is available at any moment of the day or night. This, no doubt, is an exaggeration, but at all events it has engendered a restlessness of listening-in which is thoroughly bad. No one is any the better for acquiring the habit of continually listening to the latest news, and many are considerably the worse; and this would be true even if the news were invariably presented in a manner beyond criticism, and that is far from the case. Repetition is not emphasis, though it is apparently often considered to be so; and frequently when news is in reality scarce, as it has had a way of being at irregular intervals in this curious war, it is repeated continually—in order, one can only suppose, to spin out the programme to the set length. If anything could succeed in inflicting injury upon the national determination, the perpetual trickle of broadcast news would. We were at least spared that in the war that was to end wars.

What else were we spared? Are the similarities more than the differences? For most of those who were through the years that we thought were unrepeatable there is one immense difference, however much in general one modern war may resemble another. There are the same partings, with that special blend of anguish and pride, but now it is the generation after us who go and we who stay; it is not, as far as action is concerned, our war, it is theirs—at least, every endeavour on the part of the authorities has been to emphasise that inaccuracy, and the instances where the experience gained in those four tremendous years has been set aside as irrelevant are too many for enumeration. And yet the truth is that there has never been a conflict which was so emphatically the conflict of all the generations; we talked of nations at war in 1914–18, but it was a truth which only began to be implemented as air power leapt frenziedly forward under the strain of scientific necessity and brought us, and much more the enemy, a faint foretaste of the realities under which all belligerent peoples exist to-day.

In the dread balance-sheet whilst the air-raider conditions our lives we can at any rate put one thing in the other side of the scale, as far as our hearts are concerned. We all braced ourselves last year for terrific battles of the old order, new, no doubt, in intensity and magnitude but

still governed in general by the devastating conditions of mud, barbed wire, entrenchments, and artillery fire that we lived through—and our brothers and friends died under—in the Salient and on the Somme. Great land battles there may yet be in Africa, may even have been before these sentences appear in print, but they will be land battles of the new order governed by mechanisation and movement, and it would seem improbable, whatever their magnitude, that they will call again into being those terrible lengths of casualty lists with which we became so patiently familiar in 1915 and onwards. And the course of the military operations so far, the series of terrific, sudden onslaughts on Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and finally France, whatever else they may indicate, do not indicate the probability of further great Continental land battles. That, of course, needs qualification; it is, like everything else, subject to the question of an attempt by Hitler of an invasion of Great Britain, and in a war of the unexpected it may well not stand the test of time. At any rate, surveying the scene as it appears to uninformed laymen to present itself after this first year, all that sticks out a mile is the well-known comparison with the conflict between the elephant and the whale. There are in consequence people who begin to shake their heads and talk dismally of such things as stalemate, the Thirty Years'—or even the Hundred Years'—War: they forget that even when the comparison was more exact, nearly a century and a half ago, with Napoleon for the elephant and England for the whale, when it might well have been supposed, after Trafalgar, that neither could ever hope to prevail over the other, it proved—as such comparisons are apt to prove—to be in fact fallacious.

People, especially the sedentary critics, love to draw these comparisons and some are doing so to-day. They are unmindful of the fact that history is never static: it illustrates and often illumines, it never repeats. Added to the conflict now is not only the New World but—a still vaster transformation—the eagle.

We take so much for granted; an almost unenterprising acceptance of remarkable events is one of the basic factors of the British character. It has been conspicuous, as already mentioned, on a number of occasions in recent history, and materially assisted the extremely rapid

formation of Mr Churchill's Government. But few things have been at once so assumed and so noteworthy as the response of the New World to the challenge of Hitlerism. It arose in its young magnificence in 1914-18, as we all remember; and therefore, it appears that we quietly feel, it arises again now. I have never been able to feel the 'therefore' quite in this way: for all its naturalness it still seems to me that the coming of the Dominion Forces, the part too in other ways that the Dominions are playing, is one of the really great manifestations of human civilisation: it is one of the incontrovertible proofs that, for all its apparent lapse into a second and fiercer barbarism, the world in reality proceeds on its upward climb. And, in addition—no small matter—it, like our own resolution here in the British Isles, bespeaks invincibility. Whatever triumphs Hitler has had, or even yet may have, he cannot conceivably win in the end against the Free Peoples. It would have been so easy for Canada, say, to have ranged herself with the United States; she might have proclaimed herself similarly one of the ultimate barriers against aggression—but such an attitude was foreign to her as a British Dominion: we say 'of course,' but that does not alter either the splendour or the augury, not for ourselves alone but for all in whose hearts still beats the love of freedom. For ultimate barriers, however strong, have about them something of desperation: I would not deny their efficacy—it was Haig who issued a memorable order about 'backs to the wall'—but we do not here, nonetheless, rest our greatness as a people upon them, and this even though we are such slow starters that we have often been in danger of being right up against them. All the same, in a conflict as vast as this already is, with the very strong probability, almost the certainty, that it will become vaster, it is no slight matter to know that, if the worst ever were to befall, there is that ultimate barrier of American might against which the hordes of Hitler could hardly even hope to prevail.

And before we pass from that to the predominant factor—and the passage from the one to the other is a natural one, for they are linked together—let us pause for one moment to reflect on the extent of the change that the months since September 1939 have wrought in the minds of the great American democracy. At first its

citizens, apart from a few Anglophils, were all thrilled at the huge drama about to unfold before their eyes; they were spectators with money enough in their pockets to secure the best seats, spectators only with no thought at all of ever being drawn upon the stage as performers. For some months that phase continued, the episode of the 'Graf Spee' coming just in time to quiet momentarily the dissatisfaction at the delay in sending up the curtain. Being by itself, it was not enough: it proved the old whale could still spout to some purpose when so minded, but why was it not minded more often? And the whispering started about a 'phoney war.' That is in reality not so long ago, but it seems whole ages now removed from us. It was swept away, as was so much else, by the ruthless hammer-blows at the unoffending neutrals and rendered ludicrous by the heroism of Dunkirk.

Again, looking back, do we realise on how small a base the wheel of Destiny may sometimes turn? A matter to cause the atheist to think and think again. On one day at the beginning of the astounding tale of the embarkation of the British Expeditionary Force at Dunkirk one squadron of the Royal Air Force, flying a new type of fighter, accounted for thirty-seven enemy planes without a single loss to itself; on the following days, in spite of all that that escape meant to Hitlerism, the embarkation went on until—as we know with abiding thankfulness—all but a fraction of our troops were got away. What ever may happen hereafter, that was one of the really decisive events of the world.

From that hour, whilst the menace of invasion grew as the German masses broke through the tragically uneven defences of France and spread along the coast-line opposite our shores, it was incontestably clear that it would be upon the wings of the eagle that victory would be borne, and, further, very little doubt remained that, long and arduous as might be the flight, it would not be the German eagle that would win its way to the goal. For all their years of preparation, for all the pride and prowess of Goering's fleets, they could not prevent the embarkation of many thousands of men lined up to enter open boats upon a shallow, sandy shore. No easier target stretched out for destruction can ever have been presented to the air-

weapon. And from that lost opportunity Germany can never recover.

In the weeks that have succeeded, as we all know, the vulnerability of this island has undergone some changes. In place of so-called 'trained bands' that were all that Elizabeth had to review at Tilbury in 1587, in place of the raw levies hastily gathered to guard our coasts against Napoleon in 1804, we have the most formidable Army ever assembled in these islands. The defences are hardly those of the easy past: the Royal Navy is greater than it has ever been, and the Royal Air Force takes regularly a toll of attackers of at least three to one—and this apart from the gathering momentum of its offensive. If that is the situation at the moment of writing—and that the foregoing sentences very greatly understate the case everyone is fully aware—what of the future? Placidity is gone, that calmness of effort, like a great half-sleeping river, which marked the opening months of the war has passed with so much that will never come again. The huge engine of British industrial might is daily gaining in momentum, behind that is ranged such strength as the Empire Air Training Scheme, and Dominion power generally, and behind that again, a triple phalanx, is being reared, and geared up, the colossus of American production. Not to mention that behind all stand the dread figures—for Hitler's surroundings—of Generals Famine and Disease. And yet here and there are to be found pessimists!

It is difficult indeed to see how any one surveying these unchallengeable factors can rationally be pessimistic as to the outcome of the conflict. It is, perhaps, another matter when one comes to a reflection upon the cost. What that must be financially no one can yet even begin to estimate. Wealth, as we have counted it up to 1939, must disappear, with all the innumerable social and economic and industrial changes that that entails. Will there, for instance, hereafter, when Peace is again 'white' and the 'beautifullest of things' be still powerfully in existence, moulding the future leaders of our nation, the Public Schools? I doubt their disappearance, but I doubt still more their continuance except as the phoenix understands continuance. Again, will the voluntary hospitals be able to carry on in a world where it may be

surmised there will be few indeed with power to subscribe freely even to such beneficent institutions? My own hope is that both of these will find the basis for new lives in the application to them of the principle governing the University Grants Committee: it would be a thousand pities that their independence of tradition, outlook, and management should be merged into the nondescript hues and virtues of a rigidly controlled state system; it would be to ignore all the tendencies and pressures of the future to believe that they have any chance of continuing, privileged and uncontrolled. Aid they will need to have if they are to survive, and aid must be paid for. It would, I feel, be a reasonable development that the form of the payment should be, not the surrender of their individuality but the sharing of their benefits.

There are already abundant signs, even apart from the great leveller taxation, whose power upon our purses is as all-pervading as that of Death upon our lives, that in the new world that shall be borne of this most bitter conflict the word "privilege" will cease to be. Already at times the cry rises up that the rich, if any such there still be, shall have not equal treatment with the poor but inferior treatment—in the case, for instance, of what were so hideously and journalistically termed the 'seavacuees,' it was mentioned more than by the Communists almost as an offence if those who could afford to do so were allowed to pay and send their children to Canada, the United States, or elsewhere at the same time as those who could not afford to. No one ever suggested that wealth should give priority, but some wished it penalised—as no doubt it will be, perhaps heavily, in the halcyon days; but to dwell on this is equivalent to discussing the future of the dodo.

Privilege, of course, has already gone altogether from many, many lives. The duke and the dustman, members of the same platoon, relieve one another on guard, and neither is in the slightest degree conscious of any incongruity. Eton and Harrow boys, the latter happy in memory of the victory at Lord's in July 1939—who knows even whether that will not prove to have been the last of the series of historic encounters?—work together on farms and in factories with companionship gained now amongst those whose lives previously were a mystery. We spoke

in the last war of the effects, salutary or problematical, of the mixing together of the classes : to-day the brew is ever so much more complete, and the mixing continues. We are only at the beginning of the change of life and mind which will give birth to the new social order, a theme too big to be here pursued.

And the women ? In the last war they won, for the first time, their ways to services previously undreamt of ; it was all a novel, and a heady, experience. They served the nation nobly, but the novelty of the freedom of it did undoubtedly have many strange results in the years that followed. Now there is the same nobility of service, but as of right ; the freedom was theirs before. We cannot yet tell, and may not for a long while, what social results all this intermingling, all this training, all this surrender of self to national service, men and women, old and young, from castle and cottage—and every kind of home in between—is going to have. All we do know is that unquestionably the effect will be profound : we can judge, just a little, how profound, if we read a book of reminiscences of life a generation or so ago—Mr E. F. Benson's is a good example : it rings in one's ears as of Tyre and Sidon, so removed is it in spirit and in fact from the life of to-day.

There is another change, difficult to describe, hard perhaps to discern, and yet of a significance which may yet be found to be the greatest of all. All citizens now dwelling in these aeroplane-infested countries are dwelling continually and consciously under the shadow of the Almighty. No one knows not merely what the day, but even what the hour—and often enough the very minute—will bring. It is altogether too much to say that the churches are crowded in consequence ; sometimes the pews are hardly more occupied than in the days of quietude and comfort—and yet there is a change. Lord Halifax admittedly is in a category by himself as a public man who openly trusts in God ; but when before has a soldier spoken out to his contemporaries as did Lord Gort ? Sir Henry Lawrence, possibly, and before him the great Cromwellians ; but in our age, this furious age of motor-cars, gadgets, and all that thereto appertains, it would indeed have sounded singular to have a sermon preached publicly by an eminent soldier had it not been attuned so

closely to the national mood. 'A Christian by profession, though a general by trade,' as one of the great lines of poetic bathos has it, is now no rare phenomenon. And deep down in the heart of the nation the echoes sound : in dioceses officially, in many a parish spontaneously is hung the 'chain of prayer.' And in this turning of harassed mankind to the power behind the Throne lies, it may well be argued, the one real hope of the future.

For the rest, it is a hopeful augury for the more or less reasonable solution of the difficulties, when at length the time comes for them, of peace-making that up to date (August 12) there has been little of that blighting hatred which makes true peace impossible. We have had the sudden, panicky scandal of the alien internees, but the British lack of bitterness, aided by one of the most admirable of all Mr Churchill's influences, speedily recognised and set to work to remedy that. Let us, above almost all else, resolve that, come what may, we will continue in this at least to be our historic selves. It would seem, to judge by such current comment as may be caught like straws in the wind, that we have resented the Italian action even more than the German : that is perhaps partly because we hoped for better things from the Italian, whereas we never expected anything but bullying brutality from the German ; it may be because, in English eyes, a downright bully is preferable to a jackal. Whatever the reason, let it be devoutly hoped that our memories may prove long and—at the ultimate peace council—overleap the immediate and unworthy past of the Mussolini scavenging and think in terms of Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour. And, if it can be, when Hitler and his gang are gone, will it be sheer necessity to dwell upon a nation's plague-spots ? Will it not be possible, in a world that seeks life and looks forward again to the honouring of Truth and Beauty, to look farther and higher than the suppression of madness ?

However that be—and that goes into realms of speculation beside which military prophecies are simple—no one who has been at all about this island of late and mixed in any degree with its citizens can fail to be struck by the normalcy of the national spirit. Take as a small and yet highly characteristic example, that magnificent march of the 'Whitehall soldiers,' those rows and rows of be-

ribboned warriors striding from their offices towards their clubs between 12.30 and 1 and striding back again from their clubs to their offices, after lunch, at any time between 2.30 and 3.30. Pall Mall rings with the tread, and easy enough is it to smile and misunderstand. Food shortage, despondency, war strain, and the rest—where are they with these? These are men, many of them were on the beaches at Dunkirk in recent days and before that were on the Somme, in the Salient, some—a diminishing band—on the Aisne, the Marne, or at Jutland; they are not worrying, they are 'carrying on' exactly as their fathers and forefathers did before them—and they will endure to the end, and beyond.

There is, of course, many another aspect of so big a theme as a general survey of Britain at War, on which it would be interesting and perhaps profitable to ponder, as, for instance, the effect, physically and mentally, of months of country life upon thousands of slum children, or the silencing of all the church bells, but I have exhausted the space allocated to me. To conclude, therefore—and I might add, in parenthesis, that since I began this commentary the scene of my writing has been subject to a further raid and a young shepherd, a volunteer in the Company I have the honour to command, has dealt efficiently with a 'baled out' German airman, now in the hands of the military—if it were to be allotted to me as a task to show a friendly foreigner, say, an intelligent and enquiring American, England as she is to-day and to do it in a few minutes, I doubt if I could do better than take him to the Admiralty Arch. There, quite lately as I passed along, I saw a sight that will long linger with me as characteristic of dear, illogical, indomitable England—underneath the Arch, clad in an ordinary lounge suit complete with armlet and with rifle properly at the slope, patrolled up and down an L.D.V. Surrounded by droves and be vies of regular soldiers, invested with that glorious immunity from ridicule that only a simple and sincere patriotic fervour can confer, this volunteer was quietly and unobtrusively doing his duty—he is fully equipped by now.

GORELL.

[This article, as has been said, is dated August 12: I finished correcting the proof on September 1. In the interval

the enemy has launched his air-onslaught upon these islands with a ruthlessness equalled only by its ill-success. I see no reason to erase, but much to underline, what I attempted as a year's survey: I will only add, in conclusion, words from the collect for this day, the fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, 'keep us ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation.'—G.]]

Art. 3.—THE THIRD FRENCH REPUBLIC.

1. *La République de M. Thiers.* By R. Dreyfus. 1930.
2. *La Fin des Notables.* By D. Halévy. 1930.
3. *Au Temps de Boulangerisme.* By A. Zévaès. 1930.
4. *Days of our Years.* By P. Van Paassen. 1939.
5. *The Development of Modern France.* By D. W. Brogan. 1940.

WE are living in an age of revolution, as portentous as the fifth century, when the Roman Empire fell, or the early sixteenth century, when the Reformation took place, or the late eighteenth, when the French Revolution occurred and Napoleon Bonaparte ascended to power. The present age, 1914–1940, has seen the fall of the Tsardom, the most conservative force among the monarchies, in 1917; the dissolution of the Habsburg Monarchy, the cement of Central Europe, in 1918; the collapse of the Bismarck-Hohenzollern Empire, 1918; the rise of Nazi Germany, 1933; the fall of the Third French Republic, 1940.

Among these world-shaking events, the fall of the Third Republic is the most portentous. The other most resounding event, the fall of the Habsburg Monarchy, the collapse of 'Austria-Hungary,' was the ending of something old, perhaps worn-out, a part of old Europe. But the destruction of the Third Republic is the ending (or at least the submerging) of all that was best in the new Europe, continental Europe, the ending of the fair dream of the society of free nations based on justice and freedom.

For, without disparaging the British contribution to progress, it is recognised that the French were leaders of European political thought and of European culture in the last hundred and fifty years since 1789. Indeed, French ascendancy goes further back. The beautiful words of the opening of Chapter III of Sorel's great history recall this: 'There is a European atmosphere. The same ideas are spread everywhere. They are all French, and find in France their most perfect expression.' The French, in fact, have led European civilisation almost continuously since the early Middle Ages. There were one or two occasions when the Italians, during the Renaissance, or

the Germans, during the Reformation, seemed to be pre-eminent, but the French soon came to the head again. Their language became the language of diplomacy. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries all the educated gentry of the Continent had French for their second language where it was not already their first. The Emperor Joseph II of Austria and the Chancellor Metternich commonly talked French. The French *salon* in the eighteenth century set the standard of polite manners for all Europe. Lord Chesterfield said that a French gentleman was the finest of God's creations. All men of culture for the last two hundred years have recognised that French intellectual life had a *standard*, that the French produced an *élite* of scholars, thinkers, and men of letters who cherished the ideal of supreme workmanship, of lucidity of expression, of integrity of mind. The French Revolution completed the intellectual ascendancy of France with the crown of freedom. The French were the individualists of nineteenth-century Europe, the people who would not barter for anything this immortal jewel of their soul, their passion for liberty, truth, justice. France, it was recognised, stood for something fine, something noble, humane; the French were the Humanists of the Continent.

The Third Republic was born in one German occupation and has died in another. It was on Sept. 4, 1870, after the crushing disaster at Sedan, that 'five brave old men' proclaimed from the Hotel de Ville of Paris the fall of the empire of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. The best French army, a Marshal of France, and the Emperor himself had been captured by the Germans two days before. Paris was threatened, soon to be invested. The Napoleonic Government in the capital simply collapsed in the nerveless hands of the premier, Count Palikao, and the Regent, Empress Eugénie. There had always been a republican opposition to the Second Empire. It did not now shirk the burden left to it by the Government which it had so bitterly and with such good reason criticised. Admiral Fourichon, Jules Favre, Glaize-Bizon, Adolph Crémieux, and Arago constituted themselves a 'Government of National Defence' and decided to continue the war against the invading Germans. The

five soon took into their company Léon Gambetta, a hot-headed, politically minded young *avocat* with a stormy and only moderately successful career at the bar. Gambetta was thirty-two years old, a republican through and through, and a man of limitless energy and driving power. Before long he was Minister of War and the heart and soul of the *guerre à outrance* which he maintained, after Paris had been invested, from his headquarters at Tours. The decision to go on with the war after Sedan had been a terrible one for the Government of National Defence to make. In the discussion some had advocated making terms with the Germans at once. General Ducrot, however, argued against this: 'From its material losses France will recover. From its spiritual losses it would never recover.' The siege of Paris, the War in the Province, ensued, and then, six months later—heroic, desperate months—the end—the capitulation of Paris, the Treaty of Versailles, the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, the indemnity of five milliards of francs. The National Assembly, elected by universal suffrage immediately after the Armistice to approve the peace-treaty, had a royalist majority—500 out of an effective total number of 600 deputies. It was thus that the Third Republic, amid defeat, loss of territory, occupation by a German army, with a politically hostile assembly, started on its fragile career.

There were five severe crises in the history of the Republic during the next forty-four years (1871–1914), before the First World War: the Pact of Bordeaux, 1871; the making of the Constitution, 1875; the 'Sixteenth May,' 1877; the Boulanger Affair, 1889; the Dreyfus Affair, 1899—thereafter there was at any rate comparative quiet in the Republic's domestic affairs.

The Pact of Bordeaux was an understanding reached by Thiers, who had become President of the National Assembly and Chief of the Executive Power, in a speech made on Feb. 19, 1871. It was to the effect that the Assembly should direct all its efforts toward the making of peace and the liberation of the country and should leave the constitutional question open. The Assembly, in which there was a monarchist majority, though not a united one, responded patriotically to this appeal. The

Preliminary Peace Treaty of Versailles, of Feb. 26, 1871, and the Final Peace Treaty of Frankfort, May 10, 1871, were concluded; and the Communard insurrection of Paris (March-May, 1871) was suppressed. The war-indemnity was paid off in 1873 and in September of that year the last German soldier left France. The Government was still 'Provisional'; the constitutional question was still open; but by 1875 the time had come when this question would have to be settled. Fundamental laws were introduced and were passed through the National Assembly. The critical one, called the Wallon Amendment, that 'the President of the Republic shall be elected by the Senate and Chamber of Deputies united in a National Assembly,' was passed by a majority of one.

This astonishing vote did not really imply that France was about equally divided between Monarchists and Republicans. Since 1871 the idea of the Republic had been making progress among the people, and even in the National Assembly, partly through the powerful advocacy of Thiers and Gambetta. The constitutional laws of 1875, other than the Wallon Amendment, were all passed by considerable majorities. The election of the Chamber of Deputies after the passage of the constitutional laws returned a clear majority for the Republic.

The next crisis occurred when on May 16 (*Seize Mai*), 1877, Marshal MacMahon, who in 1873 had succeeded Thiers as President, brought about the resignation of the Premier, Jules Simon. MacMahon was a Monarchist and was determined to test the opinion of the electorate on the Monarchist question, but he would not break his presidential oath by making a coup d'état or revolution. He entrusted the premiership to a moderate or liberal Monarchist, the Duc de Broglie, who in due course asked the President for a dissolution and appealed to the people. The ensuing general election, October 1877, resulted, after a whirlwind electoral campaign by Gambetta, in a resounding victory for the Republican parties. MacMahon loyally accepted the verdict of the people without considering it as a reflection upon himself, and placidly went onward as President with Republican ministries. He resigned on Jan. 30, 1879, not on a constitutional question but because he could not bring himself to agree with the Cabinet's policy of putting certain generals on the retired list.

The Boulanger Affair of 1888-89 was an effort at 'Cæsarism,' or at dictatorship, as it would now be called. The big, handsome general on his black charger was a popular figure at public military reviews, and he proved himself a good administrator as Minister of War. When he began to pose as a leader of the people and champion of a war of revenge against Germany, the Republican parties became apprehensive, particularly as there was obviously a lot of money, probably Monarchist money, behind Boulanger's demagoguery. In Paris, however, ridicule kills; and Boulanger was gradually becoming ridiculous. Jules Ferry, who had long experience in politics, called him a *Napoléon de café-concert*. Floquet, the premier, declared in the Chamber to Boulanger, who was a deputy: 'Monsieur, at your age Napoleon was already dead.' The elderly Premier undauntedly accepted a challenge from the indignant general, met him with the rapier, and actually wounded and put him out of action. Recovering from his wound, Boulanger continued his demagogic campaign, but at last his nerve failed him and he fled into exile. The Republican Government respected its own laws: it would not proceed to imprison Boulanger until it had clear evidence against him of breach of the law; before this could be established, Boulanger had fled.

This steady adherence to the law, adherence in which only a firm conviction in immutable justice can sustain a government, is strikingly manifested in the Dreyfus Affair. It was discovered, or suspected, that an injustice had been done to a Jewish military officer (and according to Clemenceau, quoted by Mr van Paassen, not an attractive one). The whole of France went into an uproar, the people divided into fiercely contesting factions, society and politics were riven, and the Republic was nearly shattered in order that right should be done to this one unimportant individual. Captain Dreyfus had been condemned in 1894 by a military court for espionage, and was sent to Devil's Island. A year or two later an officer on the General Staff, going through the files, found material which implied that Dreyfus had been wrongly convicted. The officer, though military superiors tried to crush him, did not hide his knowledge. Clemenceau, Zola, and Anatole France heard of it. They

wrote public letters to Senators. Deputies asked questions. The military men, the authoritarians, the Monarchists, the Clericals made the maintenance of the conviction a point of honour. The Republican parties and all the decent bourgeoisie became inflamed with the passion for justice and for resistance to the domination of fanatic authoritarianism. Cabinet after cabinet fell in trying to tackle the terrible problem. At last in 1899 a strong man was found, Waldeck-Rousseau, who accepted the premiership knowing that it would cost him his fragile health and possibly life, and who boldly reopened the Dreyfus case. In this decision the Republic accepted the challenge of the authoritarians and militarists; the ultimate vindication of Dreyfus was the triumph of the principle of justice and of the regular civilian over the arbitrary military authority. It was the last great domestic crisis of the Republic before the World War. It had been prophesied that the Republic could not go through a great war without the emergence of a Caesar, but the prediction was falsified. The Republican institutions stood fast.

Throughout these years, from 1871 and into the twentieth century, in the first World War down to the Second World War, the French retained their intellectual distinction and cultural ascendancy. Matthew Arnold has described the French as 'distinguished in every art, supreme in none.' The generations of the Third Republic were at any rate distinguished in every art; and some people would have said that they were supreme. In sculpture there was Rodin; in painting Cézanne and Monet; in music Saint-Saëns. In literature the Republic inherited Hugo and Daudet; it produced Zola, Rostand, Anatole France, Bourget, Barrès, Bazin, and after the war Claudel, Valéry, Proust, Roland, Romain. In historical writing it was surely supreme with Sorel, Gorce, Luchaire, Lavis. In journalism it was unsurpassed with Pertinax, d'Ormesson, Tabouis. 'The Revue des Deux Mondes' continued fortnightly the tradition of the great European reviews, after so many of them elsewhere had died. The Académie Française did not succeed in comprising forty 'immortals,' but it was without doubt the most distinguished of the academies of

Europe. It is a dangerous thing for any people to claim for themselves a 'mission,' and indeed the people of the Third Republic never did so; but a foreign critic might feel moved to say that the French had a mission to produce a cultured élite who would set and maintain the standard of European culture.

Paris remained the centre of the European scene. In this city, at once so French and so cosmopolitan, were the best plays, the best opera, the best films, the best book-shops; the best shops, hotels, restaurants; the best parks, boulevards, and riverside quays; the best mediæval churches, mediæval houses, old and new enchantingly displayed often side by side. The French bourgeoisie, the *haute bourgeoisie*, was the most cultured in the world; French scholars the most exact, the most lucid, the most attached to their intellectual integrity. Residence in Paris, writes Mr van Paassen—and this was post-War Paris, which was not at its best—was 'the greatest blessing that can befall any mortal.' He adds, rather surprisingly, that this Paris was 'the only city where a man can be happy without a pocketful of money.' He just wandered about the city, gazed and talked.

Yet Paris had no monopoly of the pleasantness and grace of French life. There were discriminating foreigners who preferred the provinces. The provincial towns, not over-zealously given over to hygienic and building improvements, had an old-world charm that never faded. The Middle Age or the Age of Louis XIV lived on and blended with the new, on the tranquil squares and quiet streets. The provincial press, without the celebrity of the Paris journals, was ably written, well-informed, literary, critical, artistic. The good-humoured, hard-working French people obviously had political institutions which suited them. They treated all authority, that of the gendarme, prefect, or military commandant, with friendly respect, without obsequiousness. The Republic stood for liberty, equality, fraternity; the Declaration of the Rights of Man was permanently displayed in every official bureau. The Republic was the people's organisation and existed for them, not they for it. Life was not easy, yet it was a good life so long as they were left at peace. This was all they wanted. Yet when the country was in peril,

they could fight for it with endurance through the long years, as was seen in the first World War.

A characteristic of the politics of the Third Republic was frequent changes of Government. It has been calculated that the average duration of a French cabinet was about eight months. Many cabinets existed for a much shorter period, but the average was kept up by a few which managed to last for a couple of years. This instability became more marked after the first World War and was a frequent occasion of joking, as when the American Will Rogers, narrating his experiences 'abroad,' said that he had seen the Guard changing at Buckingham Palace and had then flown over to Paris to see the cabinet changing. The instability was rather greater on the surface than fundamentally, because nearly every new French cabinet contained a proportion of members of the previous one. The change was chiefly in the premier and in the chief group in the cabinet ; but it also involved an alteration or deflection of policy.

There were two outstanding causes of the frequent changes of cabinet : the group system and the inability to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies. The group system was unavoidable and was not necessarily a bad thing. Instead of falling roughly into two large political parties, like the British Liberals and Conservatives or the American Republicans and Democrats, French citizens and politicians organised themselves in a number of small, independent groups. Some of these groups had a constant existence, depending on some principle such as clericalism or royalism ; others had a temporary existence, depending on a particular personality. There might be M. Marin's group or M. Tardieu's. Personalities and groups rose or fell with the political fortunes of their leader. Blocs of groups were made and unmade according as grounds of agreement or disagreement manifested themselves. The surface of French politics had a somewhat kaleidoscopic aspect. Nobody could form a cabinet unless he could obtain the support of a majority of the groups in the Chamber of Deputies (and perhaps in the Senate too). If there were eleven groups in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Herriot or M. Sarraut could form a Government provided that he could secure the allegiance of some six

groups, each of which would have to be allowed at least one minister and to contribute one-sixth to the Government's programme. After a few weeks or months in office the cabinet might be in difficulties owing to dissatisfaction in one of its constituent groups. Instead of controlling the votes of six groups in the Chamber, the Premier would control the votes only of five; and the Opposition would, at the moment, number six groups. Accordingly the Premier would resign; and the President would have to choose some other parliamentarian who could find a basis of agreement among a sufficient number of groups to command a majority. The new cabinet, however, might contain a considerable number of the ministers of the last cabinet, including perhaps even the ex-Premier himself. Thus the discontinuity was not quite so great as the frequent changes of Government implied; but it was great enough to be a disturbing factor in politics.

The second cause of the frequent changes of Government, the inability of the Government of the day to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, was the chief source of weakness. One of the fundamental laws (or 'Constitution') of 1875 permitted the President of the Republic, with the assent of the Senate, to dissolve the Chamber, which otherwise had a mandate for four years. According to the principles and practice of 'Responsibility of Ministers,' a dissolution would normally be granted by the President of the Republic acting on the advice of the Premier, who thus, in effect, like the British Prime Minister, would have the right of appealing to the electorate against an adverse vote in the popular chamber. In fact, however, there was only one dissolution in the history of the Third Republic, when Marshal MacMahon, after the *Seize Mai*, in the premiership of the Duc de Broglie, dissolved the Chamber, expecting a monarchist majority to be obtained at the ensuing General Election. The Republicans had never liked the Presidential right to dissolve the Chamber. The right savoured of monarchy, and detracted from the sovereignty of the people. Accordingly, the defeat of the 'Sixteenth of May' at the polls established a convention that no dissolution should again be decreed or demanded.

Thus from the year 1878 to the end of the Third Republic in 1940 the members of the Chamber of Deputies

were secure in a four years' mandate, and were in effect irresponsible. The Premier for the time being could not, like the British Prime Minister, exert discipline in the Chamber, not even on his own followers, by threatening to proceed to a dissolution and general election; all that he could threaten to do was to regard an adverse vote as a vote of censure and to resign. This threat had no terrors for the Deputies, secure in their four years' mandate. The resignation of a premier only confirmed and increased the power of the Chamber over the Government; and the appetite for power grows with exercising it. Moreover, any Deputy could propose a bill increasing the public expenditure—a measure reserved in the British House of Commons for the Cabinet. The constitutional irresponsibility of the Deputies increased the natural tendency to please constituents by initiating legislation involving expenditure. Thus this lamentable 'convention' of the Constitution preventing dissolution involved France in continually changing Cabinets and in continually mounting expenditure. In fact, it involved the Third Republic in permanent political and financial crisis, discouraged statesmanship, encouraged political legerdemain, lowered the tone of political life. It is remarkable that the affairs of the Republic were conducted with the degree of prudence and consistency which actually obtained, and that as good a class of politician was attracted to public life as actually served. Nevertheless, it is indisputable that the Republic was not able to draw on all that was best in the citizenry of France and that on the whole, in spite of many noble exceptions, the type of people entering politics tended to deteriorate.

Originally the Republic had been able to call upon the services of every class in the community. The National Assembly of 1871-75 comprised large numbers of provincial landowners, the squires who had and still have more influence in their localities than is appreciated by foreign writers on France. Thiers, in order to establish the prestige of the new Republican régime, urged aristocrats like Gontaut-Biron to accept diplomatic posts, and they responded to his overtures. The Legitimist claimant to the throne, however, Henri, Comte de Chambord, was not favourable to his supporters' participation in the affairs of the Republic. In 1871 he had ruined his chances

of restoration by announcing publicly his resolve not to abandon the white flag of the Bourbons for the Tricolour of the Republic. The Radical Republicans outraged his piety by declaiming that Clericalism was the foe of freedom; Gambetta's *Cléricalisme voilà l'ennemi* was a challenge not only to the Church but to the Roman Catholic aristocracy. Chambord advised his followers not to take part in elections. In the 'nineties, largely through the influence of the diplomatic Pope Leo XIII, the Roman Catholics were allowed or even encouraged to rally to the Republic, but the suppression of the Napoleonic Concordat and the Law of Separation of Church and State of 1904 violently estranged the Clericals. The aristocracy tended to remain aloof in their hotels of the Quartier Saint Germain or in their *châteaux* in the country. It is true that the Chamber and Senate have never been without some of the nobility, and that these entered the diplomatic service and, to a less extent, obtained permanent commissions in the army; nevertheless, the fact remains that the Third Republic could not draw into politics as large a proportion of citizens from families of birth, wealth, and tradition as from the rest of the population. The Republic was completely established in the mind and eye of the public. The parliamentary system was accepted as the best form of government for the French. The Deputies, however, recklessly tearing down cabinets and piling up expenditure, were losing prestige, at any rate after the war, though during the war they had not discredited themselves either in the Chamber or in the trenches.

Down to this time, until the end of the war, the Republic had been living on the Jacobin tradition. The various parliamentary groups of the left or left centre formed almost political parties, though without strict party organisation, under the name of Radicals or Socialists. The Radicals, though inclined to the 'Left,' were distinctly bourgeois, firm for private property, law and order, and for a strong foreign policy. *La République sera conservatrice ou elle ne sera pas*, Thiers had said: 'the Republic will be conservative or it will not exist.' The Radical groups, which dominated politics throughout the post-war period except during the Blum experiment, were in a sense conservative, that is bourgeois;

and they drew their strength from the tradition of the men of 1793. The strong men of the war-period, Poincaré, Clemenceau, were direct representatives of the Jacobin tradition; and so in the ten years after the war were Herriot, Briand (though he had begun as a Socialist and labour man) and Barthou. When the force of the tradition was failing in 1926 the aged Poincaré came forward, its last resolute and its last really successful representative; with all his faults he was in the line of Danton, Carnot, Thiers, Favre, Gambetta, Ferry, Waldeck-Rousseau, Clemenceau, and many lesser known but strong, honest, hard-headed Republicans. In the ten years after the end of the war, however, the Jacobin tradition was failing. The thrifty bourgeois and perhaps even the peasant with the stocking full of franc-notes were beginning to lose confidence not indeed in the Republic but in the Deputies who prevented stability of cabinets and were continually adding to the public debt. A series of financial scandals—of which there was a large crop in every great state after the war—affected the honour of some Deputies and brought the body as a whole into further disrepute. In 1933 the swindles of Stavisky, not himself a Deputy but apparently protected by some powerful Deputies, were gradually coming to light, and were fairly completely unmasked after he was found shot, probably by his own hand, in a villa at Chamonix on Jan. 8, 1934. The revelations, rather unfairly, confirmed the contempt for the Deputies that was growing in peoples' minds, increased by the vitriolic pamphleteering of the monarchist writers Charles Maurras and Léon Daudet in 'L'Action Française.' On Feb. 6, 1934, following upon the dismissal of the Prefect of Police, M. Chiappe, by M. Daladier, who had been in office as Premier for only a few days, there was a terrific riot in front of the Chamber of Deputies. Chiappe was a man of 'Right' sympathies and was believed to have used his power to help on public demonstrations of monarchist and fascist organisations like the Camelots du Roi and the Croix de Feu. On Feb. 6, 1934, 'Right-wing' rioters tried to storm the Chamber of Deputies, unsuccessfully, for they were driven back by the police after hours of fighting. A counter-demonstration, which was conducted peacefully, by Socialists and Communists in procession, did not altogether reassure the bourgeoisie.

The Daladier Government fell as the result of the riots of Feb. 6 and a sort of broad-bottom or National Government was formed under a former aged President, M. Doumergue, as Premier. M. Doumergue was not a strong man and did not impress himself now on the people. He had one statesmanlike plan, to carry amendments in the Constitution which would permit the Premier to ask for a dissolution of the Chamber, and to limit the initiative of the Deputies in proposing increases of expenditure; but he failed to obtain approval for these much-needed reforms. He resigned in November 1934 and retired into silence in his country-house, Tournefeuille. He seemed to take with him the last chance of the rehabilitation of the French parliamentary system.

There followed Cabinets with a 'Right' tendency—Flandin, Laval, Flandin, Bouisson, Laval. Ten Cabinets rose and fell in 1932-35. The international situation was steadily and rapidly deteriorating, particularly when Mussolini made war upon Abyssinia in October 1935 and when Hitler occupied the demilitarised Rhineland on March 7, 1936, and in the summer of 1936 when the Spanish Civil War broke out. Fascist Clubs were probably increasing their members. The Communists were certainly increasing in number. M. Blum, a highly cultured, well-to-do bourgeois, leader of the chief Socialist group, was accepted as leader of a Socialist bloc called the Front Populaire. After a General Election M. Blum became premier in June 1936. The Communists supported him, but supplied no minister to his Cabinet.

M. Blum, whose policy was before the electors when they gave his bloc a majority in the Chamber, at once inaugurated a 'New Deal,' establishing by law a forty-hour week for industry with paid holidays and other conditions of social betterment. It was the worst moment for introducing expensive Socialist legislation. The great economic depression, which began to be intense all over the world in 1929, still weighed upon France. Unemployment was high, the budget was in chronic deficit, the public debt was steadily mounting; the international situation prevented any reduction in the expenditure on armaments, but rather caused heavy increases. The productiveness of French industry was dropping alarmingly and the cost of living was always

rising. The impatience of the Socialist workers, who indulged in sit-down strikes, and the hostility of the capitalists, who fled from the franc and sent their money out of the country, combined with the other adverse factors to defeat the Blum experiment. The Anglo-French non-intervention policy in the Spanish Civil War, which, in effect, seemed to accrue to the advantage only of dictators, diminished the prestige of the Third Republic. After rather more than a year the Blum Government fell and power was restored to the Radicals.

The people of the Third Republic were palpably peace-loving. If they ever had any illusions about the joyousness of war, they had lost them in the first World War. The Maginot Line, completed in 1938, fostered the people's purely defensive outlook, and, apparently, led to a purely defensive outlook in the Army. The National Socialist Government of Germany was able to exploit the French and British aversion from war to obtain advantages which they knew that the democratic governments would only oppose by means 'short of war.' American critics have said that the Republic was suffering from 'political sclerosis.' Both the British and French Governments were ineluctably averse from war, but the British Government was rather more alive to the terrible realities of the international situation than the French. In the Rhineland crisis of 1936, in the Munich crisis of 1938 it was not the British Government that held back the French from accepting the challenge to war; if neither were much inclined to belligerence, the French Government, judged by such evidence that is obtainable, was decidedly the less forward of the two. After the overthrow and occupation of Czechoslovakia in March 1939, it was clear to all observers that the democratic Great Powers could not avoid, without accepting decisive diplomatic defeat, the next challenge from Germany. Yet when the challenge came with the invasion of Poland on Sept. 1, 1939, the French Government, guarantor with Great Britain of Poland against Germany, seemed to hesitate in taking up the gage. The war was conducted on the Maginot Line by a defensive strategy which, in view of France's declining population, is intelligible, yet which, in the event, has probably been more costly of life and military and political prestige than the traditional

offensive strategy of the French could have been. The German break-through at Sedan in May 1940 has been attributed by General Smuts to 'the incredible mistakes of the French High Command'; privately critics have declared that neglect to block the passages of the Meuse is only explicable through treachery somewhere—a supposition, however, which in view of the facts of French history seems simply inconceivable. All that can be held for certain is the irrefutable evidence of dates: that from the opening of the German offensive at Sedan on May 10 to the cessation of arms on June 17 the French army resisted for a shorter time than the Poles in the September invasion of their country, and that the Government of the Third Republic surrendered after five weeks, whereas the Polish Government never surrendered at all. Whether M. Reynaud's Government, which was for continuance of the war inside or outside the metropolitan area of France, was unconstitutionally displaced by a coup d'état or was constitutionally displaced by the President in favour of a Pétain-Laval peace-Government is uncertain, so far as the facts have been disclosed. What is certain is that the Republican constitution of 1875 has been suppressed, on July 10, 1940, at Vichy, by vote of the National Assembly (Senate and Chamber of Deputies sitting together), 569 votes against 80, conferring full powers on the Government of Marshal Pétain.

Shortly after the French capitulation, two historians, one in Modern History, the other in Ancient, were conversing in an Oxford common-room. The Ancient historian, a distinguished Continental scholar, remarked that the common people had never given over their country to a foreign Power, but aristocrats, the people of birth or property, had not infrequently done so, since the time of the Greek oligarchies. He contended that this had happened in France; that in the belief that they would save their and their class's position and wealth, men of position and property had yielded to the invader. The Modern historian demurred. 'How could they possibly think that they would save these things,' he said. 'They will lose Alsace-Lorraine——' and he was going to say that they would lose Nice, Savoy, Corsica, Tunis, when the other broke in—'They will lose France!'

Certainly, for the time being, at any rate, they have

lost the France that we have known; and with this, something fine, something noble, something (other than itself) irreplaceable has gone out of European life. Dorothy Thompson, the American writer on public affairs, declared in a broadcast that with Churchill and steadfast Britain were Washington and Alexander Hamilton, who were men of British birth, and also Jefferson 'who died in France the other day.' Thomas Jefferson wrote the American Declaration of Independence of July 4, 1776, declaring that among the 'unalienable rights' of all men were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. His philosophy was the philosophy of the French thinkers of the eighteenth century, of the men who after him drafted the Declaration of the Rights of Man, who made the Revolution of 1789, who in effect made the Second French Republic in 1848 and the Third in 1870. René Bazin in 'La Douce France,' written during the agony of the World War of 1914-18, declared that 'France is a country of renaissances.' For the time being, as an American observer has remarked, 'France has fallen, perhaps spiritually beaten before it was attacked.'* The France of the Crusades, the France of St Louis, of Louis XIV, of Danton, of Thiers, of Clemenceau and Briand—the France of the spiritual and cultural élite of Europe—awaits its renaissance.

* President Dixon Ryan Fox, speaking at a Conference on Democratic Processes at Union College, Schenectady, July 5, 1940.

Art. 4.—LIMITATIONS OF THE GERMAN MENTALITY.

The Herd Instinct in Peace and War. By W. Trotter.
London, 1940.

‘I have counsel and strength for the war’: Kings.

‘THE moral is to the physical,’ so the oft repeated adage runs, ‘as three to one.’ It may be true; as true as the fact that such preponderance is and has always been ours against the Germany of Hitler; but precisely where is the fullness of this strength may not always be apparent. Moral preponderance is, in this country, assumed; but friends sometimes need solid reason why they should believe our cause superior, and the answer is—shortly and simply—that the English Commonwealth of Nations has reached a higher level *biologically* than the forces ranged against it. This fact was demonstrated during the last world conflict in a thesis whose validity has never been seriously challenged, and to which Freud himself paid qualified tribute. It was written by a great and too little known Englishman, Wilfred Trotter.

It is indeed arguable that the two most significant works in English provoked by the last upheaval were written by a surgeon and a civil servant: Wilfred Trotter’s ‘The Herd Instinct in Peace and War’ and John Maynard Keynes’s ‘The Economic Consequences of the Peace.’ Though they have no other connection, both books were the work of highly trained intelligences working on themes which admitted of forecast. Time has done everything to justify Mr Keynes; while Wilfred Trotter, though his ideas have met with argument, some of it cogent, lived to see his work become a classic, and would no doubt have been gratified at the appearance of a fresh impression not long after the outbreak of another German war.

The ‘Herd Instinct’ has so much to tell us of German mentality that even for those who cannot accept its ideas in their entirety, it must still have immense value at a time when knowledge may indeed be life.

Here a biographical note may be intruded. Wilfred Trotter, Serjeant Surgeon to the King from 1932–38 and the only surgeon of his generation to be elected a

Fellow of the Royal Society, died in November 1939. A medical journal recently published a posthumous paper on the black-out, which, imposed with unnecessary severity, he regarded as a panic measure; while two months before his death he contributed a long letter to the press which, though full of wise thought, attracted little attention. In it, reviewing the international situation, he emphasised, in a way which then needed doing, the immense advantages possessed by the Democracies; he stressed the 'internecine' seriousness of the war and he added the very necessary caution that 'really effective thinking is the most difficult of all human activities . . . and is more urgently needed in this war than anything else.'

While these may seem self-evident truths, they are too often overlooked, while 'thinking' is a function citizens are generally encouraged to leave to their rulers. Trotter added that one of our tasks must be 'to study and exploit the advantages of contending with an enemy who has certain well-marked mental limitations, and to undertake a really serious campaign against enemy morale in supplement to the rather innocent machinations that have hitherto passed as such.' The key to these limitations Trotter himself gave in his treatise; and if various schools of psychologists during the decades since its appearance have provided counterblasts, Trotter's answer is that, *empirically*, history proved him right last time in almost every particular of prophecy.

Trotter's ideas are, in fact, better worth re-examination to-day than at any period since the last war. In his own words: 'really deep understanding of the nature and sources of national morale must be at least as important a source of strength as the technical knowledge of the military engineer and the maker of cannon.' Recognition of this fact is the *raison d'être* of Dr Goebbels and of his opponents on our own side.

Necessarily to the limits of an article, an examination of Trotter's work must confine itself to that part which has immediate bearing on the present conflict. As a whole, his essay examines the quality in man of gregariousness; the types of herd (aggressive, protective, and socialised) represented in existing human society; and the advantages or drawbacks of each. In a later

section he concentrates upon two nations, then as now opposed, German and English. He exemplifies the German nation as a pattern of the aggressive or wolf-herd, and the English as the socialised herd, one whose nature makes some approach to that of the beehive. Such a theory, even built up as carefully and tentatively as by Trotter, has limitations, but his examination of the mentality of the two nations enumerates qualities which exist to-day as strongly as ever. Some of them indeed seem to have been emphasised by the passage of time.

'Germany,' he wrote in 1915, and as he might have done to-day, 'has abundantly distinguished this country as her typical foe—an instinctive judgment not without value.' 'The adversaries in the present war,' he added in a letter after the outbreak of September 1939, 'are separated not by mere political disagreement but by differences in their attitude towards life which practically amount to incompatible types of civilisation.' One of them, the German, in discovering 'the necessity and value of conscious direction of the social unit' brought to birth 'an epoch-making event,' though it has been 'incomplete, and it has not been accompanied by the corresponding knowledge of man and his natural history which alone could have given it full fertility and permanent value.' If this remark be true of the Empire once ruled by the Kaiser, it is equally true of the Germany ruled by Hitler.

'Germany in some ways resembles a son who has been educated at home,' says Trotter, 'and has taken up the responsibilities of the adult and become bound by them without ever tasting the free intercourse of the school and university. She has never tasted the heady liquor of political liberty.' Her post-war revolution and her political martyrs seem at the moment to have borne no fruit; the lessons they might have taught have been altogether expunged. She has returned in spirit to the days when she could look back on three brief, successive, and successful wars, and to them she has recently added the conquest, with almost childish ease, of one great and several less great countries. Her former ruinous conflict with the western Powers has left in the memory of her government no lasting impression but bitterness; while

her leaders no longer admit her even to have been defeated. The full details of the concluding stages of the last war mark one more paragraph in the book of historical truth upon which German eyes are no longer allowed to light, much less to dwell.

Instead, her citizens are encouraged to focus upon 'heroic' aspects of her early evolution, those which show 'in the most perfect form the lupine type of society in action.' Though such a society was 'physically brave beyond belief,' it 'made a religion of violence and brutality' and, says Trotter, its inherent weakness is 'the very limited scope of interest it provides for active and progressive minds, added to the fact that it is an anachronism.' Hitler has indeed 'put back the clock' when it is recognised that the socialised herd, its biological antagonist, 'alone can satisfy the moral as well as the intellectual desires of modern man.'

Superficially and against weak antagonists all is in favour of the wolf. The socialised herd is 'perplexed by a multitudinous confusion of voices and ideals; its necessary development of altruism gives the society it produces an aspect of sentimentality and flabbiness.' Of such an aspect the Germans have made the world fully aware through their propaganda, and events in some at least of the democratic countries have provided no effective challenge. All Nazi literature shrieks the idea of democratic degeneracy, and it should prove to be the major failure of the Germans that it was their own attitude which created first cohesion and ultimately great strength in their principal opponent. The beehive is not innately hostile, but it is a terrible enemy. Never, perhaps, has this cohesion come so near to being too late; nor can the socialised herd permit itself the delusion that it is naturally invincible. To that, the fate of civilised Scandinavia should be a sufficient answer. Yet once cohesion is secured, backed by strong and organised force, moral force begins to tip the scales, and the real weaknesses in the unsocialised herd are revealed. Principal among them is rigidity.

It was the rigidity of former German society which Trotter saw as a driving force towards outside aggression. This rigidity the Nazi party claim to have banished for ever. But a second's thought will reveal that what they

have actually done is to substitute one sort for another, in precisely the Russian manner. Party leaders and secret police have taken the place of the aristocracy, and in Mr Harold Nicolson's phrase—Germany is now ruled from the corporals' instead of from the officers' mess. The lupine quality remains unaltered. Under the spell of the 'glory of combat and conquest,' with 'force as the touchstone of right,' the German is fired with the 'warrior spirit'—that supremely boring characteristic so absent on the surface in our own redoubtable armies. 'All the immense power of suggestion at the disposal of an organised state' fosters its ends, a power which has been incalculably reinforced since the last war by the invention of wireless.

'The functional value of herd instinct in the wolf,' says Trotter, 'is to make the pack irresistible in attacking and perpetually aggressive in spirit. The individual must, therefore, be specially sensitive to the leadership of the herd.' This leadership must make him '*do things*, however difficult, however dangerous, even however senseless, and must make him yield an absolute, immediate, and slavish obedience.' It follows that: 'he will believe the pack to be impregnable and irresistible, just and good, and will readily ascribe to it any other attribute which may take his fancy, however ludicrously inappropriate.' Given constant attack and action, the power of the wolf-pack, ably led, must necessarily be enormous: 'How far it can be maintained in inactivity and mere defence is another matter,' adds Trotter. The whole history of the present war shows that Hitler is unlikely ever to put his people to a prolonged test of patience.

The German nation, says Trotter, 'has no sense of public opinion outside the pack. . . . It is easily aroused to rage by external criticism, and when it finds its paroxysms make it ridiculous to the spectator it cannot profit by the information but becomes, if possible, more angry.' Secretly envious of good opinion, the German has 'a principal thesis that altruism is, for the purposes of the statesman, non-existent, or if it exists is an evidence of degeneracy and a source of weakness.'

Such lack of insight is, argues Trotter, 'one of the chief disadvantages of the aggressive as compared with the socialised type of gregariousness.' Diplomatically,

it has led German statesmen into a succession of situations which, though superficially 'successful,' are in essence so grotesque that it is difficult to believe such a series could continue. After facing England at arms in 1914, consequent upon the violation of Belgium, a precisely similar move by Germany against Poland brought the two nations once more into opposition. Hitler has always professed that he had no wish to fight this country. It may be true: if so, then, although he has learnt much about the art of war, he has learnt nothing about the nation he once professed to admire. Otherwise he would never have placed Germany *vis-à-vis* England in precisely the same position as did the Kaiser.

For in each case, in 1914 and 1939, reasonable insight would have saved Germany from a struggle which she has said she did not seek. Germany, in a former as in the present decade, 'allowed herself to accept opinions of England's strength, moral and physical, which were pleasant rather than true,' while at the same time she has irritated this country with such insistent purpose as to make it 'certain that sooner or later England would recognise her implacable enemy, though, inarticulate as usual, she might not say much about it.'

Even internally the lupine character suggests itself by 'an atmosphere of fierce competition, of ruthless scandalmongering and espionage.' Tact, moreover, is a quality for which the German has so little use that he 'is not unwilling that a certain amount of discontent and restiveness' in a conquered province 'should give him opportunities of forcibly exercising his dominion and resuscitating the glories of conquest.'

His parrot cries and his Hymns of Hate, comic to a nation which takes its songs from the music-hall and is at best a poor hater, are necessary stimuli to the 'due degree of aggressive rage' against a nation who is an enemy essentially of her own making. How little Germany has changed, despite her impressive new façade, is shown by the fact that she retains all her old tricks: deception of her own people, lying abroad, trickery even to her friends, and a new repertoire of anti-British songs, sung with a solemnity which in any other country would be incredible.

The wolf-herd is, argues Trotter, a biological anachron-

ism of whose ultimate fate there cannot be much doubt. The socialised herds have 'merely to maintain their resistance, to do which they have certain psychological advantages, and they *must win*.' Their advantages demand separate enumeration and are tremendous, though socialised leadership has in the past been mainly through the people upwards, rather than the reverse. Yet a measure of leadership—such as we now have—is essential to crystallise resolution, since it is necessary to present something more than a solid front to the aggressor, something more than mere resistance. The function of our leaders at the present time should indeed be to assume something of the fierceness—the same fierceness—of the aggressive herd, since no other attitude can be understood and respected by the Germans. Yet in the long run it is the democratic *people*, not their leaders, who win their wars, and if leadership adds to our strength in this time of our greatest trial, it will be but an extra instrument among those we already possess. The spirit of the hive has, of its own power, struggled through to victory before, and would do so again, since it has never yet known defeat except when self-divided. If well led and well organised, its increased potentiality must be incalculable. Mere numbers no longer become relevant to the result of the struggle. It is will and cohesion which count.

Trotter's analysis of the quiddity of the English has been quoted too little, and has never been bettered. Of this country he says: 'In the unbroken security of her land, for near a thousand years, she has leisurely, perhaps lazily, and with infinite slowness pursued her path towards a social integration of an ever closer and deeper kind. She has stolidly, even stupidly, and always in a grossly practical spirit, held herself to the task of shaping a society in which free men could live and yet be citizens. She has had no theory of herself, no consciousness of her destiny, no will to power.'

As for her Empire which, giving the lie to the cynics and the pessimists, has supported her so magnificently not once but twice within thirty years, she seems to have built it casually. 'She has allowed an empire to be won for her by her restless younger sons, has shown no gratification in their conquests, and so far from thrilling with the exultation of the conqueror, has always at the earliest

moment set her new dominions at work upon the problem in which her wholly unromantic absorption has never relaxed.'

Of actual social conditions in this country, the author's verdict is harsh. Time would have modified it: but he could say with truth during the last war that England's 'society is irregular, disorganised, inco-ordinate, split into classes at war with one another, weighted at one end with poverty, squalor, ignorance, and disease, weighted at the other end by ignorance, prejudice, and corpulent self-satisfaction. Nevertheless her patience is no more shaken by what she is lectured upon as failure than was her composure by what she was assured was imperial success.'

Of England's absent-mindedness and unconscious greatness he writes: 'Nations may model themselves on her expedients and found the architecture of their liberty on the tabernacles she has set up by the wayside to rest in for a night—she will continue on her road unconscious of herself or her greatness, absent-mindedly polite to genius, pleasantly tickled by prophets with very loud voices, but apt to go to sleep under sermons, too awkward to boast or bluster, too composed to seem strong, too dull to be flattered, too patient to be flurried, and withal inflexibly practical and indifferent to dreams.' The anxious months since Dunkirk seem to have made this vision of England apparent to a great part of the world, and we may, without undue self-satisfaction, be glad of it.

Lastly is this country's equally inflexible will to peace. In one of the finest of all Trotter's passages he writes: 'There can be no doubt at all that the ordinary consciousness of the vast majority of citizens of this country was intensely averse from the idea of war. Can we suppose, however, that the deep, still spirit of the hive that whispers unrecognised in us all had failed to note that strange, gesticulating object across the North Sea?' (Trotter spoke of the Kaiser, but his words apply still more richly to his black successor.) 'In its vast, simple memory would come up other objects that had gone on like that. It would remember a mailed fist that had been flourished across the Bay of Biscay three hundred years ago; a little man in shining armour who

had strutted threateningly on the other shore of the Channel; and the other little man who had stood there among his armies, and rattled his sabre in the scabbard. It had marked them all down in their time, and it remembered the old vocabulary. It would turn wearily and a little impatiently to this new portent over the North Sea. . . . Wise with the experience of a thousand years, it would know when to strike.'

At a time when peace may be under discussion, Trotter warns us against too easy a treaty. It may be hazarded that he would argue that the failure to implement Versailles, for all the faults of that settlement, brought the present crisis upon us. In the event of a German defeat, he says, 'proof of failure adequate to convince a people of the socialised type might be quite inadequate to convince a people of the lupine type, in whom, from the nature of the case, mental resistibleness is so much more impenetrable. If she is allowed to escape under conditions which in any way can be sophisticated into a victory or, at any rate, not a defeat, Germany will continue to hate us as she continued to hate her victim (of 1870) France.'

Though hard, these are true words, and it will be the proper task of statesmen—harder than the winning of any battle—to sow the seeds of a new and liberal outlook in the German people, one which will enable them to assimilate a lesson to which they are strangers—'the benign use of power.' It will be hard not merely because the German has a thick skull, and education in anything which requires altruistic thought must come hard to him, but owing to our own inevitable exhaustion. In itself, fighting is of little interest to the socialised herd, which has struggled upwards towards finding a more creative end to its existence; and it is in this detachment, even lassitude, that danger lies. It is not, indeed, sufficient to endure and to emerge at last victorious. The socialised herd cannot afford to relax until it has reorganised the world nearer to its own pattern.

OLIVER WARNER.

Art. 5.—THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

'Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.'

Dante : *Inferno*, v. 121.

'This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
happier things.'

Tennyson : *Locksley Hall*.

THINGS are pretty bad to-day, but it is of no use making them worse by harping on the good old times. Yet people have always done so. As Dr Jenkinson said in Mallock's 'New Republic' (1889), 'Many thoughtful people think that there is more that is bad in the present than there has ever been in the past'; adding, 'many thoughtful people in all days have thought the same.' When a *laudator temporis acti* complained that 'Punch isn't what it used to be' it was a truism to reply 'No, it never was.'

It is the 'rush and hurry of modern life' that comes in for most of the blame, with its resultant general degradation of youth, vulgarity of life, luxury and noise, degeneracy of morals, and increase of crime. Things are not what they used to be in the good old times.

When were these 'good old times'? Not in the 'twenties of this century, when the world had been demoralised by the Great War. Hardly in the century's teens, when Lord Grey said that 'the lamps are going out all over Europe.' In the first decade, we are told, it was the riot of Edwardian days and the 'antics of the Suffragettes' that were leading to the collapse of civilisation. So they must have been in the nineteenth century.

But in which set of ten years? In 1891 Miss Braddon's hero Gerard Hillersdon thought that 'the spirit of romance' had 'fled from our vulgarised planet.' In 1886 Martin Tupper believed that in his day 'the happiness of thousands' was being destroyed by agnosticism. In 1873 Trollope wrote a novel to describe 'The Way We Live Now,' and in 1879 his Miss Cassewary was still 'always foreseeing the ruin of the country.' In 1876 the Bishop of Wells pointed out the value of a theological college for young men 'before the hurry and

crowded work' of that busy age had made them restless; and only eight years before Jeremy Bentham lamented that the maxim on which thousands of young men in England, 'with or without the refinement of the Greek,' were trying to act was 'Take all the pleasure you can get, avoid all the pain,' and that most of them troubled little about philosophy.

Trollope (1867) thought the 'sixties were 'a hurrying and competitive age' and described how Mr Toogood thought that people were getting so luxurious 'that one can't live up to them at all' and 'made some very stinging remarks as to the claret-drinking propensities of the age'; while Wilkie Collins in the year 1862 makes one of his characters in 'No Name' speak of 'these days of insidious nervous exhaustion and subtly speeding nervous malady.' Even Walter Bagehot in 1864 considered that he and his contemporaries lived 'in the realm of the half educated.'

At the end of the 'fifties (1859) George Eliot, reflecting on the past, gave it as her opinion that 'these old leisurely times' that she was describing in 'Adam Bede' were 'gone with the spinning-wheel,' and only seven years before Mr Turveydrop held that men were 'not what we used to be in point of Deportment.' Indeed, he thought that England (alas, my country!) had 'degenerated very much' and was degenerating every day. She had not many gentlemen left.

In the 'hungry forties,' which Queen Victoria (1848) called 'these awful, sad, heart-breaking times,' Matthew Arnold (1848) saw 'a wave of more than American vulgarity, moral, intellectual, and social' preparing to break over England. In 1844 the ancient inhabitants of the region round Todgers's (which could do it when it chose—mind that!) deplored 'the degeneracy of the times,' corroborating what Tennyson, in the person of the Young Squire of Locksley Hall, had said, namely, that the individual was withering.

The degeneracy of 'Youth' had set in already in the 'thirties. In 1839 Catherine Sinclair in her 'Holiday House' endeavoured to paint 'that species of noisy, frolicsome, mischievous children' which was then 'almost extinct,' and in 1837 Pusey confessed of himself and his contemporaries that they were 'a luxurious people,' and that luxury was 'increasing, spreading every-

where,' and 'taking possession of our land.' In the 'twenties (1827) Keble was doubtful of the reception of 'The Christian Year' in times when excitement of every kind was sought after 'with a morbid eagerness.' Coleridge in 1824 thought the age was 'overstimulated' and that 'the occurrence of excessive and unhealthy sensitiveness' was so frequent that it needed aids to reflection. William Cobbett in the year 1821 thought that any good labourer who could look back on the previous thirty years would curse the day in which tea was introduced into England. Byron too felt in 1823 for England, which he had left some seven years before,

' a mixed regret and veneration
For its decaying fame and former worth.'

But, as he remarked elsewhere 'all times when old are good.'

In 1817 John Owen, the founder of Owen's College, translated and applied to his own days the aphorism promulgated in 1612 by Borbonius: *Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*—

'Times change and we change with them too. How so?
With time men only the more vicious grow.'

And an old lady in 1813, in a letter quoted in 'The Times' of June 7, 1933, wrote that a wonderful change in the manner of (the then) modern days was 'the multiplication of noise,' and wondered 'whether the depravity of morals' might not 'be traced to the laxity of manners which had smoothed the way to impropriety.' Before 1816, Jane Austen tells us, the portraits on the walls of the Great House at Uppercross seemed to be 'staring in astonishment' at the 'overthrow of all order and neatness' by the Miss Musgroves' 'grand pianoforte, harp, flower-stands and little tables placed in every direction.'

But ten years before things were even worse. If we may believe Wordsworth it was bliss to be alive in the dawn of the French Revolution, but in 1802 England was a den of stagnant waters and most things, altars, swords, and pens, to say nothing of the heroic wealth of hall and bower, had forfeited their ancient dower of inward happiness, and he told his friend Coleridge in 1806 that he didn't

know which way to look since plain living and high thinking were no more and he had given away the sordid boon of his heart.

But at the end of the eighteenth century people do not seem to have considered their times as 'good.' The Rev. James Woodforde, in a sermon preached in the year 1793, spoke of his 'very refined' age as one 'in which the sound dictates of old-fashioned common sense' were 'frittered away into nothingness of affectation, vanity, and singular nonsense,' and made severe criticisms on the females of his day, who did not cultivate 'those useful virtues which would adorn the state for which' they were 'easily candidates and for which God and nature have designed them.' Even Burke in 1791 thought that the men were not much better and that 'the age of chivalry' was gone.

Cowper spoke of the terrible state of society in 1785 when he learned how

'Discipline at length
O'erlooked and unemployed, fell sick and died,'

though it is comforting to know that, for all her faults, he (good man) loved England still. Dr Johnson, only two years before, lamented that he had 'lived to see all things as bad as they can be,' and about the same time Mr Sandford told Mr Merton that 'Near forty years ago,' when he was a young man, people in his condition 'thought of nothing but doing their duty to God and labouring hard,' and attributed the great falling off and 'ruin of all the nation' to 'conveniences of life.'

In the previous decade, in 1778, Boswell thought that there was 'a general levity in the age,' and at its very beginning in 1770 Goldsmith thought that formerly :

'Contented toil and hospitable care,
And kind continual tenderness'

were there in the country, as well as

'piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty and faithful love'

—in fact that all the 'rural virtues' were leaving the land for America.

In the 'sixties Bishop Newton is said to have de-

nounced (c. 1761) the 'gross immorality and irreligion' of his people, though there were 'still some vital signs, some symptoms of recovery,' while in 1766, when Goldsmith wrote his 'Vicar of Wakefield,' he told how Dr Primrose observed that 'the world in general began to be blameably indifferent as to doctrinal matters, and followed human speculations too much,' and how Mr Ephraim Jenkinson replied, 'Ay, sir, the world is in its dotage.'

In 1758 Rousseau contrasted the children of the day in France with those of the time when he was young and was 'brought up in rustic fashion and had no complexion to keep'; while only a year before in England the writer of a 'Preface to the Evangelical History Harmonised' (not by Dr Johnson, as Boswell notes, since 'he was no croaker, no declaimer against the times') thought that it was universally confessed that its readers had 'fallen upon an age in which corruption' was 'not barely universal' but in which Rapine preyed upon the Public without opposition and Perjury betrayed it without inquiry. Even Hume in Scotland (c. 1751) complained that it was 'an age when the greatest part of men seem agreed to convert reading into an amusement.'

In 1745 John Wesley asked of England where the country was 'in which is found so utter a disregard to even heathen morality' and 'such a thorough contempt of justice and truth and all that should be dear and honourable to rational creatures.' In 1732 Thomas Hearne regretted that chapel services at Oxford began an hour later than formerly 'in the University in which ancient discipline and learning and piety strangely decay.'

In 1729 Bishop Butler pointed out that it was 'commonly observed' that there was 'a disposition in men to complain of the viciousness and corruption of the age in which they live as greater than that of former ones,' though he shrewdly observed further that 'mankind has been in that respect much the same at all times,' and that it only meant that vice and folly took different turns. In 1726 Callidus in Law's 'Serious Call' justified in his own case what people to-day call 'this new fashion of week-ending' on the ground that 'his business would have killed him if he had not made Sunday a day of quiet and refreshment in the country.' Bishop Berkeley in

1721 wrote 'An Essay towards the prevention of the Ruin of Great Britain.' One of his suggested remedies was the wider drinking of Tar Water. Ten years before Pope essayed to criticise the poets of his day, saying that

'Of old those met rewards that could excell,
And such were praised who but endeavoured well,'

and that poets, generals and soldiers alike were given triumphs and crowns, but that, when he wrote, they who reached 'Parnassus' lofty crown' only 'employed their pains to spurn some others down.'

The 'good old times' do not seem to have been in the eighteenth century.

It is just in the course of ordinary casual reading that I have come across all these quotations. I do not happen to have noticed any of the same sort from the nineties of the seventeenth century, but I do not fancy that the reign of William and Mary established the Golden Age. At any rate in 1682 Dryden thought that, as Vergil believed that 'magnanimous heroes' had been born in 'better years,' so he too believed the existence of 'those giant wits in happier ages born.'

John Aubrey in his 'Brief Life' of Francis Bacon, whose 'language was nobly censorious,' lamented that in 1678 things dayly fell, that wits grew downward, and eloquence grew backward, so that Bacon might be named as the 'maker and ἀκμή of our Language.' He admitted that 'Sir Philip Sydney and Mr Hooker (in different matters) grew great,' so that 'all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met' in them, and that he had been told by Meredith Lloyd that, three or four hundred years before his time, 'chymistry was in a greater perfection much' than when he wrote, and that its 'process was then more seraphique and universall,' whereas in his degenerate days its students 'looke only after medicines.'

Anthony à Wood attributed the decay of study 'and consequently of learning' at Oxford in 1674 to 'coffy houses, to which most scholars retire and spend much of the day in hearing and speaking of news' and (alas!) 'in speaking vilely of their superiors'; and only a year before one of Molière's characters in 'Le Malade Imaginaire' lamented that there were no longer any

children. This was no new thing since, eight years before, in 1665, Isaak Walton gave it as his opinion that in the age when the Judicious Hooker was a boy 'children were then less pregnant, less confident, and more malleable than in this wiser but no better age.'

In 1659 Edward Reynolds, who 'took up a moderate Anglican position during the Civil War' and, as Bishop of Norwich, 'treated Dissenters with great moderation,' preached a Sermon before the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Companies of London which he entitled 'The Brand plucked out of the Fire,' and told them they and he lived 'in failing times.' In 1658 the Author of 'The Most True and Wonderful Narrative of two women bewitched in Yorkshire' thought that men in his day who denied the existence of His Satanic Majesty had 'grown so wicked that they' were apt to believe that there were 'no greater Divells than themselves.' In 1655 Pascal's Jesuit declared that 'man is so corrupt nowadays that since we cannot make them come to us we must go to meet them.' In 1650 William Prynne lamented that 'Our English Gentlewomen are now growne so farre past shame, past modesty, grace, and nature, as to clip their hair like men with lockes and foretops.' Just fancy! No wonder Sir Thomas Browne thought that the world was 'in the wane,' and near its end because of its 'Corruption of Manners, inhuman degenerations and deluge of iniquities.'

In 1647 Richard Corbet wrote 'Certain Elegant Poems' including 'A proper new ballad entitled the Fairies Farewell or God a' Mercy well, to be sung or whistled to the tune of the meadow brow by the learned and by the unlearned to the tune of Fortune,' in which he said farewell to rewards and fairies because in his day 'foul sluts in dairies' fared just as well as 'good housewives'; and Aubrey, again, tells us how 'the dissoluteness of the times' grieved the good old doctor Ralph Keltell so that 'his dayes were shortened and he died Anno Domini 1643.'

In 1637 Milton complained that the hungry sheep who looked up were not fed, and, if we may believe Dr Johnson, 'there prevailed in his time an opinion that the world was in its decay, that men born then 'had the misfortune to be produced in the decrepitude of nature,' and that 'everything was daily sinking by gradual diminution.'

Soon after George Herbert's death in 1633 P.D. Esq. wrote an epitaph for him in which he said that

'He was the wonder of a better age,
The eclipse of this, of empty heads the rage,'

and called upon the unborn to 'bedew dear Herbert's tomb' since 'no such babes' were 'in Dame Nature's womb.' About 1620 Donne thought that civilisation was continually going from bad to worse, that then :

'The springs and summers that we see
Like sons of men after fifty be,'

and that 'new philosophy' put all in doubt.

And finally in 1605 Francis Bacon hoped for the advancement of learning since he doubted 'that this age of the world' was 'somewhat upon the descent of the wheel.'

The sixteenth century does not seem to have been much better either. In 1593 Richard Hooker noticed that 'we all make complaint of the iniquity of our times, not unjustly, for the days are evil,' and spoke of 'this present age so full of tongue and weak of brain.' In 1567 Tasso in Italy thought 'the world growing old and growing sad with age.' In 1534 Michael Angelo thought the times were so bad that sleep was 'grateful,' but that it was better to be made of stone like his famous statue, since

'while shameless wrong and woe prevail,
'Tis best neither to hear nor see,'

and told people to speak low lest they should wake it.

In 1560 Thomas Becon thought that if we considered well 'the manners of men at this present' we should 'without doubt easily perceive that this Christian love toward God and our neighbour reigneth but in the hearts of a few,' since 'detestable, filthy, stinking and abominable whoredoms' reigned in the world. In 1550 William Bale thought that it was 'a most vengeful time wherein the Antichrists and hypocrites most fiercely stir about them to vex all the world with their fiery blasts, their filthy smoke and their stinking brimstone,' and in 1517 Erasmus, writing to Colet, is still more despondent, saying

of his times that 'none worse have been seen of six hundred years while everywhere lawless robbery abounds.'

Four hundred years cover the Middle Ages, the days of 'Merrie England.' Erasmus' judgment seems to be corroborated by the men who lived in them. In 1450 Gascoigne preached a sermon on The Seven Waters of Babylon in which he compared the former times when there were 'many good and mature Church Rectors' with his own days when 'quarrels, disputations, actions, and pleas' were 'multiplied and prolonged' so that money that might have gone to good works owing to the number of these went to 'lawyers, and advocates, and counsel.' In 1483 John Myrc wrote a book of sermons for parish priests in which he said that God's House was 'now made a house of rowning, whispering, crowing, chattering, scorning, tales and simple speaking, moving of vanity and many simple words and lewd.'

In the reign of Edward III, which covers most of the fourteenth century, we read that 'complaint was made that men cease to send their children to school,' and that parishioners perished in body and soul through diversion of parochial funds by great ecclesiastics, while Voltaire in his 'Essai sur les Moeurs' quotes La Flamma as complaining that simplicity had given place to luxury, and regretting the days of Frederick Barbarossa, when wax candles were unknown. So we find that in 1375 Gower wrote that 'the world goeth fast from bad to worse' since, it would seem, wages were rising. About 1311 Durandus of Mende declared that 'not only were the sins of sloth and negligence' most deeply rooted in God's holy Church, but that 'all Christian folk take an example therefrom.'

Berthold of Regensburg in 1272 declared that 'in old days women were exceedingly temperate, eating and drinking but little,' but that in his time gluttony had become an 'ingrained custom' with them. In 1271 Roger Bacon said that the truth was 'that there hath never been so great ignorance and such deep error' as was manifestly shown by facts, since 'more sins reign in these days than in any past age.' Giovanni Fidanza lived from 1221 to 1274, but it was clearly in his old age that he tells us that men said that 'Bishops and Clergy, and Laity,

and the whole State are far decayed in the gross,' and looked back to a time 'when all the faithful were so perfect and holy as is now but seldom seen,' since the 'younger men' of his day were 'more prone to think themselves better than their elders' and 'dared to affirm' that this was the case. Bonaventura (1221-1274) asked why men should desire life to last so long since 'evil grows daily and good diminishes,' while at the very beginning of the century Rigord, the monk of St Denis, wrote 'the world is grown ill; it grows so old that it lapses into infancy,' and that common report had it that Antichrist had been born at Babylon and that the Day of Judgment was at hand.

In 1191 Peter the Precentor asked men to behold how far gone they were from 'the simplicity of the ancients' in the matter of buildings, which in his days were marked by 'superfluity, curiousness and sumptuousness,' and in the year before Stephen, Bishop of Tournay, complained that students only applauded novelties and that there were as many blunders as teachers, as many scandals as hearers. In 1148 a disciple of St Stephen of Obazine said that his fellow monks had 'fallen away from our earlier vigour,' and that they treated themselves 'with more remissness and negligence.' About 1145 Bernard of Morless or Morlass (but not Morlaix) thought, as Dr Neale rather freely translated his words, that the world was very evil and that the times were waxing late. In 1109, when Anselm died, his biographer Eadmer lamented that there were 'few indeed who continued to preserve the purity with which' he 'had laboured so strenuously to adorn his clergy.'

I have only one reference for the eleventh century, but in 1044 Ralph Glaber bemoaned the fact that while irreligion stalked abroad among the clergy, incontinent appetites grew 'among the people, till lies and deceit, and manslaughters, creeping abroad among them' drew almost all to perdition, so the whole human race was 'sliding willingly now into the gulf of primeval chaos.'

Few people would, I think, expect to find the good old times in the Dark Ages. Penitentials, like that of Egbert, throw a lurid light on contemporary morals. Bede in the eighth century constantly speaks of what he calls 'our

miserable time,' and laments that the 'state of the Church grows worse daily in England.' A council of Frankfurt in 794 ordered that no abbot was to blind or mutilate a monk for any fault, and we are told that such enactments recur 'with startling frequency in the picture of the Merovingian dynasty.' Salvian in the fifth century declared that 'the world lies giggling on its death-bed.' St Benedict, when little more than a boy, in the sixth century fled to Subiaco to escape from the wickedness of Rome.

In the fourth century it was noted as a remarkable thing that Monica the mother of Augustine was never seen to have any bruises on her face given her by her husband. Cyprian in the third wrote that it was a law of God that all that had risen was falling, that things that grow grew old, that strength grew weak, that great things grew small and after growing less and weaker came to an end. Tertullian, Cyprian's 'master,' about the year 200 asked whither the laws had gone that checked extravagance and ambition, and noted that men were 'ever praising the old ways while following the new.'

Jewish writers witness also to this perennial decline. Josephus, about the year 90, wrote that 'no age did ever breed a generation more fruitful in wickedness than this since the beginning of the world,' while Philo in the times of Caligula (34-41) complained that the world was 'full of atheists' and connected the fact with the horrible moral depravity into which it had fallen. Vergil (20 B.C.), as we saw, spoke of 'the magnanimous heroes born in better years,' better than those he lived in when 'no worthy honour was left to the plough.' Livy (59 B.C.-A.D. 17) said that 'of late riches have brought in avarice, and excessive pleasures, the longing to carry wantonness and licence to the point of ruin for oneself and of universal destruction.' Horace, too, writing in the years 68-65 B.C. asked :

'Time, weakening Time, corrupts not what?'

declaring that

'Our sires less stout than theirs begat
A still lower race—ourselves; and we
Hand down a worse posterity.'

Ennius, nearly two centuries before, had said that the Roman Commonwealth was based on ancient character and men, while Dionysius of Halicarnassus or Longinus (whichever he was) in the first or the fourth century (whichever it was—no doubt it was said in both) records that when his friend Terentianus complained that 'in these days we seem to be schooled from childhood in an equitable slavery—swaddled in servile ways and practices' so that 'we come to show a genius for nothing but flattery,' he 'took him up' and said 'It is easy, my good friend, and it is characteristic of human nature always to find fault with things as they are at the moment.'

No doubt with his knowledge of literature he remembered that Aristophanes in his 'Clouds' made Justice complain that 'in old days modesty was the rule with school boys,' and that Plato in the 'Laws' lamented the new views of men who impressed the young as wise (as, no doubt, the Nazi teachers of the Hitlerjugend do to-day), prose writers and poets, who profess that 'inde-feasible right means whatever you can carry with a high hand.' Even if he did not agree with Dr South that 'Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of paradise,' he evidently thought that Hesiod was right in placing the Golden Age in the distant past.

And finally, since the midrash on Genesis iii. 24, that Eve on leaving Paradise with Adam said 'we live in changing times,' lacks manuscript authority, there were those exasperating and tiresome old men who, when Ezra had at last succeeded in getting the foundation-stone of the new Temple laid, just because they had seen the first house 'wept with a loud voice' while all the other 'shouted for joy.'

The Victorians may have been wrong, as we are continually being told, in assuming that progress was an inevitable law of nature, but isn't it really high time that we left off talking in this way?

CLEMENT F. ROGERS.

Art. 6.—THE GREATNESS OF SAMUEL PEPYS.

1. *Wheatley's Edition of Pepys' Diary.*
2. *Mr. Pepys.* By Dr J. R. Tanner.
3. *Pepys : His Life and Character.* By John Drinkwater.
4. *Samuel Pepys, the Man in the Making.*
Samuel Pepys, the Years of Peril.
Samuel Pepys, the Saviour of the Navy. All by Arthur Bryant.
5. *Pepys' Shorthand Letters.* Transcribed by Edwin Chappell.
6. *Pepys' Tangier Papers.* Transcribed by Edwin Chappell.

A LIST of great men would certainly be incomplete without the name of Samuel Pepys. In spite of all that has been written, it is still true that very few really know why he has a claim to greatness. If the average person were asked, 'Why was Pepys great?' the answer would probably be: 'Because he wrote a diary.' If the same person were then asked, 'Have you read the diary in question?' it is not very certain that the answer would be yes. Supposing, however, that it were, if the cross-examination were continued by the question 'What edition did you read?' the answer would most probably be 'Braybrooke's.' The least mutilated of Braybrooke's editions consists of about forty-five per cent. of the whole Diary, and it is not to the credit of our publishers that this wretched edition is still being sold as 'Pepys' Diary,' without the slightest indication of its fragmentary nature.

The Diary covered barely nine and a half years out of a life of just over seventy years, and was written during what may be called Pepys' apprenticeship, before his greatness had properly begun. Thus, most of those who think that they know something about Pepys base their opinion on less than half a diary written during his immature period. If the English-speaking world is content that he should be regarded as great for this incomplete reason, he must indeed be great when all the facts of his life are known.

For more than a hundred years after his death his influence on naval administration was still known to those in the Admiralty, but the public had probably forgotten

him completely. In 1825, one hundred and twenty-two years after his death, the first edition of his Diary, consisting of about twenty-seven per cent. of the whole, was published. For the rest of the nineteenth century few people thought of him as anything besides a diarist. The publication between 1893 and 1896 of Wheatley's Edition of the Diary, which may be regarded as ninety-nine per cent. of the whole, seems to have stimulated a desire in a limited circle to know more of a very remarkable man. Dr Wheatley's Edition of Pepys' Diary may be described as making up by its quantity for the defects of its quality. In the writer's opinion all editions but Dr Wheatley's are more or less worthless. The thin-paper Wheatley Edition in three volumes, published by Messrs George Bell and Sons, is very convenient and quite cheap considering it contains all of the Diary that has ever yet been published, as well as the introduction, notes and index, exactly as in their ten-volume Library Edition.

During the present century there has been a considerable output of writing on Samuel Pepys, of diverse outlook and quality. As far as books are concerned it seems true to say that the good outnumber the bad; but it is not possible to say the same of newspaper and magazine articles, which are usually of a very low standard of accuracy and understanding. It is now possible for those who will take the trouble to read judiciously to obtain a well-balanced idea of the life of Pepys, with the Diary taking its proper place.

For those who wish to know more of Pepys than is to be found in the Diary, 'Mr Pepys,' by Dr J. R. Tanner, published by Messrs Bell and Sons in 1925, is most strongly recommended. This work is well described by its author as 'An Introduction to the Diary together with a Sketch of his (Pepys') later Life.' I also recommend 'Pepys: His Life and Character,' by Mr John Drinkwater, published by Messrs Heinemann in 1930. This contains much interesting information about Brampton and publishes an excellent photograph of the only portrait in existence of the Rev. John Smith, the 'first decipherer' of Pepys' Diary. This painting now hangs in the Hall of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Mr Arthur Bryant's three massive volumes on Samuel Pepys contain an enormous amount of detail. The first volume deals with Pepys from the time

of his birth till the death of his wife on Nov. 10, 1669. The second volume covers Pepys' great work as Secretary to the Admiralty Commission. The story reaches its climax in the idiotic and insolent attempt by 'Count Tapski' and others to implicate Pepys in the Popish Plot. It closes with Pepys' reinstatement on the eve of sailing for Tangier. The third volume tells the story of Pepys' Secretaryship of the Admiralty, where by his industry, his care for detail, and his clear-cut principles he made himself supreme. The book includes an account of the great work of the reconstruction of the Navy in urgent haste and against an emergency, and ends with an account of the Revolution of 1688. There is a final volume of this biography, still to come from the Cambridge University Press, in which Mr Bryant will tell the tale of the last fourteen years of Pepys' life. For the Pepysian specialist Mr Bryant has done a very useful work in drawing attention to the nature of much of the material still to be published, but I cannot help thinking that in some ways the needs of the general reader are better served by Dr Tanner's 'Mr Pepys.' Yet for those who want to know as much as they can about Pepys' life, Mr Bryant's three volumes are eminently readable and will not be superseded for many years to come. Two works by Pepys himself should be read. One is 'Pepys' Shorthand Letters,' transcribed for the first time in 1933 by Mr Edwin Chappell; and the other is 'Pepys' Tangier Papers,' correctly transcribed for the first time by Mr Chappell in 1935. The 'Letters' were published by the Cambridge University Press and the 'Tangier Papers' were issued by the Navy Records Society.

In 'Twelfth Night' Shakespeare attempted to classify greatness, but he was not very successful. The reason for this is that his three kinds of greatness are seldom found in a pure state, but are usually mixed. In one sense the posthumous heir of a sovereign may be said to have been born great, having been a king from the moment of his birth. Should he turn out to be mentally defective, but not quite insane in the legal sense, it might not be possible to depose him. It would be grotesque to say that such a man had been born great. It would be nearer the truth to say that his birth had thrust greatness on him. Again, does any man achieve greatness without being born great?

No man can be great without an opportunity. It is absurd to say that a truly great man always makes his opportunity. A Nelson cannot create a Napoleon to give him an outlet for his greatness. There must have been thousands of mute inglorious Miltons since the world began who might have gained their Paradise had some small circumstance been different. On the other hand, there must have been millions who could not have been great however favourable their circumstances.

The greatness of Samuel Pepys seems to be a mixture of all three kinds. He was born great in the sense that he possessed abnormal powers. He was more industrious and more honest than others in similar positions. He had unusual ability in analysing a complex system of facts and deciding where improvement could be made. Above all, he had powers of organisation of the highest quality. It should not be necessary to point out that there were no commercial courses available in the seventeenth century, and Pepys did not, as far as we know, learn administration during his early professional life. On the contrary, what we read in the opening pages of his Diary suggests that he was having an ideal training for a clock-watcher. The powers that he had were undoubtedly innate. This statement is almost proved by comparing him with his brother John. These two brothers had the same parents, home, school, and university. They were both Clerks of the Acts of the Navy. John could doubtless have drawn on the advice and experience of his brother in this post, whereas the latter had had to find his own way. There was therefore antecedent probability that John might be an even greater man than his brother, but he was an absolute nonentity. It is true that he only lived about thirty-five years as against his brother's seventy, but Samuel was thirty-five in 1667-8, by which time he had given ample evidence of his exceptional abilities.

Pepys certainly had greatness thrust upon him. It is useless to speculate on what he might have done in other circumstances, but what he did do was consequent upon his being appointed Clerk of the Acts of the Navy. This is usually regarded, not without some justification, as a piece of family jobbery on the part of the first Earl of Sandwich, but this is hardly fair. It is true that Pepys had had no training whatever in naval matters, but he

had acted as agent and secretary to Sandwich on and off for six years, in which time he may well have shown that he possessed more than average ability and industry. Mere family influence would not have helped Pepys very much with Stuarts. These sovereigns could assert themselves against their Parliaments when it suited them, but when the point of difference was the liberty or lives of those who had served them well, they had the unpleasant habit of leaving the Parliament to imprison and behead as it thought fit. If it was jobbery that thrust greatness on Samuel Pepys, it was his own achievement of greatness that made him the naval right-hand man of two sovereigns. He himself was very doubtful about his ability to discharge the duties of Clerk of the Acts and nearly yielded to a tempting offer to buy him out of the post. It is hardly to be supposed that he had any diffidence of this kind thirteen years later when he became Secretary to the Admiralty Commission, and certainly none twenty-four years later when he became Secretary of the Admiralty. It is most unfortunate that the word 'secretary' may mean anything from a shorthand-typist to a Secretary of State. When Pepys became Secretary of the Admiralty he was what we should call to-day the Minister for the Navy. It has been said above that a great man needs his opportunity. A great minister in Pepys' day needed a great king. Neither of Pepys' kings could be described as great, for all the industry of the modern whitewashers of Charles II. It is suggestive to note that Charles' supposed interest in the navy was limited to the time that Pepys was at the Navy Office and the Admiralty. During Pepys' first retirement Charles showed no interest in the navy whatever, but on the contrary he seems to have watched it going to rack and ruin with some measure of amusement. If Pepys could do what he did under such a pair of misfits, what might he have done under a really great man?

The greatness of Samuel Pepys as a naval administrator was due to his highly developed instinct for order, detail, and discipline, combined with unbounded energy and an infinite capacity for taking pains. On appointment as Clerk of the Acts he could have done merely the routine work of the Navy Office, taking down skeleton minutes of the meetings and signing the letters he had

told his clerks to write. Had he been content to do this, no one would have minded and he could have had an easy life with very little responsibility. The numerous contractors would have been glad to pay him well for letting them supply goods at the old prices. His colleagues would have been more than satisfied if he had not busied himself in matters which they considered their concern. When the great outcry rose against the Navy Office owing to the disgrace of the Dutch invasion of the Medway, Pepys could have shielded himself by saying that his duties were purely clerical and it was no concern of his. The attitude he adopted was very different. At first, owing to his slight knowledge of naval matters, he was content to do little more than was expected of him, but as soon as he felt his feet and realised the abuses and neglect all around him, he began to take a keen interest in all the activities of the Navy Office. He took lessons in the parts of a ship and in the measurement of timber. He made comparative tests of the strength of the different varieties of hemp. He enquired diligently about the prices of ironwork, tar, timber, masts, tallow, canvas and bunting, and as long as these could be bought with ready money, he saw to it that the prices were lower than those previously paid. When the victualling system broke down during the Second Dutch War, he had established such a reputation for his business ability that he had no difficulty in getting himself appointed Surveyor-General of Victualling. After the Medway affair, instead of pleading non-executive duties, it was he who defended the whole Navy Office on two occasions by lengthy speeches to the House of Commons.

The disinclination of Pepys to let things go on in the old way, for the sake of a calm and peaceful existence, is shown in everything he did. He had not been long on the Commission for Tangier before he found that the Treasurer was utterly incompetent, and, without any solicitation or influence, Pepys was asked to take over the duties. When he was made a Justice of the Peace he remarked, 'I am wholly ignorant in the duty of a Justice of the Peace.' Nine years later, when he sat on his first court-martial, he 'did lay the law open to them.' A few days later, at his second court-martial, his own description of his behaviour was: 'I confess I was pretty high.' Many years later,

when Master of Trinity House, he could very well have taken things as he found them ; but he was disturbed by the defect of the want of by-laws, the uncertain knowledge of the income of the Corporation, and the confused state of the archives. He also 'complained that the present books and papers did lie disorderly in several books not thoroughly writ,' and it was resolved 'that the Clerk do hire one to write them all fair into one.' His labours on behalf of Trinity House were much valued by the Elder Brethren, and his name is still held in high honour by this distinguished Brotherhood. Similar exertions on behalf of Christ's Hospital do not seem to have given all-round satisfaction. He had been made a Governor in 1676, and it is very probable that it was Pepys who prompted Charles II to found the Mathematical School, with a view to supplying the navy with boys instructed in mathematics and navigation. Owing to a system, then in force, whereby a master at the school could apparently pocket the salary and pay a small portion of it to a more or less qualified deputy, while he went off and did nothing, or got other employment, the Royal Foundation had got into such a woeful state from incompetence and neglect, that Pepys in 1698 was 'so exercised with discomposures from the villainous methods of our people of Christ-Hospital' that he wrote and printed a series of letters to the Lord Mayor, some of which are very strongly worded. They do not seem to have had much effect, but someone evidently realised that he meant well, because he was given the Freedom of the City in recognition of his services and shortly after he was made Vice-President of Christ's Hospital.

When Pepys first entered on his naval duties in 1660 there was no immediate prospect of war. It is one thing to be efficient in a fighting service in peace time, but quite a different thing in war time. Pepys' great test came in 1665 on the outbreak of the Second Dutch War. As his colleagues from time to time had duties afloat, a considerable share of the Navy Office work had to be performed by Pepys. He has left us a very complete account of his wonderful work in making bricks without straw. It was not so much the state of war that brought out Pepys' organising ability as the state of poverty. The war had to be carried on with very little money for the navy ;

merchants had to be induced to supply goods on credit—and, strangely enough, many of them went on doing so until their ruin prevented them from supplying any more. Another discreditable practice was to pay the men with tickets, which to many of them were mere scraps of paper. The victualling system broke down chiefly because no steps were taken to estimate or anticipate requirements. There were strikes in all the dockyards owing to the fact that the men had not been paid for months. On top of all this there was the Great Plague followed by the Great Fire of London, in the fighting of which Pepys played no inconsiderable part. It would not have been surprising if the whole naval organisation had collapsed, and had it not been for Samuel Pepys it would have collapsed completely. In the Inquiry which followed the Dutch invasion nothing could be charged against Pepys of more seriousness than that he had bought some prize-goods, but his share in the matter seems to have been very harmless, though not quite open.

In many minds the greatness of Pepys is dimmed by two great faults—corruption and sexual incontinence. Such an opinion comes very readily to those who have but a superficial knowledge of his life; but the more one knows of it, the less serious do these vices become. As to the former, it must be remembered that it was an age in which 'fees' were far more common than they are to-day. Even Lord Sandwich received a tip of a bag of gold from Catherine of Braganza for bringing her to England for her marriage with Charles II. In recording this gift, Pepys said—'and that was a bag of gold, which was no honourable present, of about 1,400*l.* sterling.' If one had tried to draw a line between fees and bribes in those days, it would have had to be a very zig-zag line.

In judging a man's character it may be necessary to consider more than what he is or does. The height of the barometer may be a useful thing to know, but if it is known in addition whether it is rising or falling, the information is very much more useful. A low, rising barometer may denote a more pleasant state of weather than a high, falling one. A man habitually engaged in crime who wishes he could start afresh and lead an honest life may well be morally superior to a shady professional man who just manages to keep on the right side of the law and who is

continually considering how far he dare go. The question to ask about Pepys is, What was his trend? Did he satisfy himself with the thought that he was no worse than his neighbour and so continue in evil ways, going perhaps from bad to worse; or did he despise himself for what he had done and seek to raise himself above the low level of his day? There cannot be much doubt about the answer. There is abundant evidence in his Diary that, far from gloating over his corruption, his conscience was uneasy about it. Comparative necessity may have made him accept bribes in the beginning, but as his position became more secure, he seems to have thought it unworthy of himself and the high position he held. The searching investigations of the Committee of Public Accounts after the Dutch invasion of the Medway may have roused him to vow that if he got through that ordeal safely, he would never take another bribe as long as he lived. There is no room to doubt that the Secretary of the Admiralty had long ago put aside the petty corruptions of the Clerk of the Acts. It would be unfair to say that the writer of the following passage was a hypocrite. It is taken from a letter written by Pepys to a captain who thought he was doing the correct thing in offering Pepys a present in return for an appointment that he had just received through his instrumentality:

'But that which I have reason to take amiss from you is your thinking that any consideration of benefit to myself or expectation of reward from you should be of any inducement with me. Therefore pray reserve that sort of argument for such as will be guided by it, and know that your meriting well of the King is the only present that shall ever operate with me, and that it was my belief of your having so done that led me unknown and without your asking to the moving his Majesty for that just kindness.'

Perhaps the most convincing proof of Pepys' integrity is that he was three times imprisoned on baseless charges, and although his enemies stopped at nothing to procure perjured evidence and must have raked over every likely muck-heap, they were never able to bring him to trial and he was released on each occasion without one word of evidence having been spoken against him.

As to his sexual lapses, this is not the place for their

full discussion, but on the other hand they cannot be passed over in silence. The view has been expressed that the seventeenth-century method of performing lithotomy caused certain injuries that would make the patient incapable thereafter of sexual satisfaction. Although he underwent this operation, it did not have this effect on Pepys. Even in the published version of the Diary there is almost convincing evidence of this, but one of the suppressed passages puts it beyond all doubt. Pepys was clearly abnormal in this respect, and it seems as unreasonable to tell such a person that he ought to be normal as to tell an insane person that he ought to pull himself together and be sane. In a more brutal age those men who were sympathetically treated for shell-shock in the last war would have been slaughtered wholesale for cowardice. We are all primarily what our bodies make us, and our newspapers tell us very clearly that man is not naturally a monogamous animal. A man who on the one hand is impelled by nature and on the other restrained by the mere conventions of man is an object for pity rather than for contempt and punishment. In addition to the urge from within, Pepys lived in a reign when strumpet duchesses and bastard dukes took precedence at Court. Furthermore, his adolescence had been spent in Puritan times; and the repression of such a nature might very well have a violent reaction, especially under the suggestion of an exalted example.

This article began with a discussion of greatness and why Pepys earned the description of great. It cannot close in a more fitting way than by quoting some contemporary opinions of him. Not very long before Pepys' death, Dr Wallis, Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, wrote this of him: 'But great men will do great things and shew great expressions of their kindness to those whom they are pleased to favour, a great deal beyond what they can pretend to merit.' And the University of Oxford officially acknowledged Pepys' gift of a portrait of Dr Wallis in the following (translated) terms:

'And to your praises, sir, the whole ocean bears witness, which you covered with such a powerful fleet as has been able to defy the rages of its most formidable enemies, as well as the waves. You, with a felicity beyond any Dædalus, added

such a strength to your shipping as rendered the sailor at once safe and secure of glory. You have truly encompassed Britain with wooden walls, and by your care alone, whether we would go on in quest of new discoveries or to enlarge our conquests, we may extend our sails to either Pole.'

The following passage from Evelyn's Diary has been quoted so often that apology is now necessary for yet one more repetition :

' 26th May, 1703. This day died Mr Samuel Pepys, a very worthy, industrious and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all of which he performed with great integrity. When King James II went out of England, he laid down his office, and would serve no more ; but withdrawing himself from all public affairs, he lived at Clapham with his partner, Mr Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble house and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally-beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially. Besides what he published of an account of the Navy, as he found and left it, he had for divers years under his hand the History of the Navy, or Naval History as he called it ; but how far advanced and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son, Mr Jackson.'

The following is an extract from an obituary notice :

' It may be affirmed of this gentleman, without exception, that he was the greatest and most useful that had ever filled his posts in England, the acts and registers of the Admiralty and Navy vouching this character beyond contradiction. The principal rules and establishment in present use in those offices are well known to have been of his introducing ; and most of the officers serving therein, since the Restoration, of his bringing up. He was a most studious promoter and strenuous asserter of order and discipline through all their dependencies. Sobriety, diligence, capacity, loyalty and subjection to command were essentials required in all whom he advanced. Where any of these were found wanting, no degree of friendship, importunity, interest or authority were capable of moving

him in favour of the highest pretender, the royal command alone excepted ; of which he was also very watchful to prevent any undue procurements. Discharging his duty towards his Prince and country with a religious application and perfect integrity, he feared no one, courted no one, neglected his own fortune. In a word, as for his standing he was esteemed the father ; so for his abilities, experience and true concernment for its prosperity, he was justly revered (even after his retirement) as the Oracle of the Navy.'

A hundred years after his death, and twenty years before the world knew anything of his Diary, a commission on naval administration described him as 'a man of extraordinary knowledge in all that related to the business of the Admiralty, of great talents, and the most indefatigable industry.'

DONALD DALE.

Art. 7. — THE SPIRIT OF W. H. HUDSON: AN EVALUATION.

LITERATURE, unlike other modes of expression, has a freedom of form that enables the writer to express himself in a variety of media without offending the canons of his art. A symphony is not a satisfactory musical work if it fails to obey the formal laws of symphonic construction, nor is a railway-station a satisfactory work of architecture if it resembles (as unfortunately it often does) a Gothic cathedral. But a novel may be a very bad novel as such—a farago, a glorified essay, a philosophical *pastiche* such as Mr Aldous Huxley would produce—and yet remain a fine expression of literary art. Or, again, an essay may resemble a short story in content, or a biography may be a factual work of 'fiction,' but each will possess formal value if it is the expression of an original mind clearly framed in adequate language. This must not be taken to mean that pseudo-novels, essays, and biographies are to be recommended as desirable in themselves; only that the inherent freedom of literature allows for the overlapping and interpenetration of its forms without destruction of literary value.

W. H. Hudson was a unique example of a man who, on account of the beautifully balanced content of his mind and the nature of his calling, was enabled to synthesise the forms of literature to a remarkable degree. He was, at once, a naturalist—using the word in its broadest sense—a story-teller, and a poet. In science and philosophy, literature is subordinate to the ideas: even bad literary construction (as in the case of Kant's laborious 'Critiques') is forgivable if the ideas are of value; in fiction and its related forms literature becomes more important in its own right; but only in poetry is sheer verbal beauty essential, not entirely for its own sake, for that would be to poach on the preserves of music, which alone of the arts is *in se*, but as the ordered enshrinement of the thought behind it.

In Hudson's work the observing naturalist, the story-teller, and the poet are continually fused in a free essay-form which he made his own. In 'A Hind in Richmond Park' he glorifies the free man, the man with no calling; and although his own 'calling' was that of a field-

naturalist, he points out that 'a field-naturalist is an observer of everything he sees,' one who takes 'all life for his field,' and therefore is not bound to any particular profession, trade, or even, in the realm of ideas, to any exclusive point of view. But in order to be a good field-naturalist, in Hudson's sense of the word, it is not enough merely to take an intelligent interest in the world; the spectator must himself be possessed of a broad and intuitive outlook on life which enables him to reproduce the vision he sees in the highest terms of human imagination. Hudson was blessed in having such a mind, and at the same time, through the circumstances of his birth and upbringing, was luckily saved from a narrow 'calling,' and was thus enabled to devote his life to the wide and varied field for which he was fitted.

He is often spoken of as a great naturalist; but as his friend Morley Roberts has pointed out, he was not a naturalist at all in the dry, scientific sense: he was not even what to-day we call a biologist, although the word fits him better. He was primarily an artist; and his approach to nature was intuitive and imaginative. This is why Chalmers Mitchell could call him 'the most revealing naturalist who has ever lived.' The important word here is 'revealing.' Hudson approached nature not as a storehouse of interesting facts (he had no use for the inhabitants of 'Coketown') but as a living structure—a structure of which man was the keystone. He was not, in the exact meaning of the word, a pantheist: that is to say, he did not consciously regard nature as a synthetic Being; he inclined more to *hylozoism*—the doctrine that the universe is alive. He never formulated his creed anywhere, and there is reason to believe that he had a strong feeling for Christianity. But he was tainted with the extraordinary delusion of his time that somehow or other Darwin had 'knocked the bottom out of organised religion,' and in intellectually rejecting Christianity (as fact—though as a function of the human spirit he never lost his reverence for it) he tended to fall into the worst aspects of Victorian materialism. The solution of this antinomy was never entirely satisfactory, and those who read between the lines in Hudson's work perceive three contradictory emotions at work. There is the feeling for Christianity (rooted in his upbringing); and the intellec-

tual dissent, resulting in a materialistic tend which derived from his imperfect knowledge and most unmetaphysical mind; and, finally, there is his instinctive *hylozoism*—his feeling that nature was alive and full of the impersonal mystery of her multitudinous being. He was inclined to scoff at this feeling whenever it led him to write rhetorically of 'mother nature'; but it is clear that it represented his profoundest conviction.

It is necessary to consider this religious aspect of Hudson primarily because of the light it sheds on his work. The majority of his most beautiful passages are inspired by the feeling for nature as a 'person'—not in the sentimental manner of Jefferies and the nature-mystics, but more tenderly, more naïvely, as his own creation Rima might have experienced it. Indeed, the primitive simplicity of his approach to nature is the secret both of his unsullied intuition and of his literary charm, the more so as it was allied to the ripe experience of a sensitive adult mind.

But there was another side of his work which, though more rare, was the genesis of some of his most intense moments—the profound pessimism (grief is perhaps a better word) which overcame him when the conflict between the idealistic and materialistic sides of his nature resulted in the victory of the latter, like the sudden descent of a tropical night. Then his grief broke in a cry 'for all the beauty that is vanished and returneth not.' The poignant beauty of these passages in his otherwise sane and serene art are the more moving on account of their isolation and spontaneity. Like the strange sad notes that are sometimes heard in the sparkling music of the warblers, these notes of grief are, in some mysterious way, interwoven with, while yet remaining distinct from, the pattern of his utterance. 'Doubtless we all possess the feeling in some degree—the sense of loneliness and desolation and dismay at the thought of an uninhabited world and of long periods when man was not,' he writes in 'Afoot in England.' The most religious of us experience this feeling when close to nature; and even though we know it is a false feeling, that reason and faith will not countenance, it affects us profoundly all the same. It has its origin, perhaps, in the inheritance which we all possess of the long, dark ages of savagery that preceded

the dawn of civilisation. Nature was the enemy of man and of God—until the Godhead descended in the man Christ and nature became 'the garment of God.' And although the Christian may reject the pantheist doctrine that nature is God, there is a sense in which God is nature; for if the doctrine of material evolution is true and all the universe, all matter, is one substance, then, in becoming man, God became, in some unthinkable sense, matter. He 'put on' the universe. But to those who, like Hudson, do not accept the Christian revelation, nature still retains something of her old dark, menacing aspect.

One of the profoundest and most violently intense passages in all Hudson's work is inspired by his intuition of this aspect of nature. It occurs in 'Birds and Man,' where he describes a wild and terrible evening in a barren country, and afterwards, sitting in the little cottage away from the fury of the wind and the oncoming night, he recounts the imaginary dialogue of a stuffed squirrel and woodpecker. The fantastic imagery and 'otherness' of this dialogue, coming after the fierce description of nature, is unforgettable and could have been conceived by no one but Hudson.

His originality was outstanding. Whether in description, as in relating some simple story or rural experience, or in sheer invention, as in the story of the squirrel and woodpecker, he was always himself. To 'be oneself' is the hardest of all things to achieve, especially in our standardised, machine age. The experience which every individual possesses of his own uniqueness brings with it, unless it is accompanied by a very strong character, a feeling of loneliness and isolation from the vast overshadowing world of the *not-self*; and the desire to escape, to 'do as others do' becomes overwhelming. Hence the natural individuality is lost through fear, and the standardised man—pathetically ignorant of the fact that the 'crowd' with which he goes is composed of individuals like himself, just as lonely and just as eager to 'go with the crowd'—is the result. Hudson, largely because of his upbringing in the pampas and through the good fortune of being born into an individualistic age, never lost his individuality. To preserve oneself is not egoism: *that* is to worship oneself; to preserve oneself is to subserve

the ego in some greater thing—for Hudson, nature—that reflects back the self in a deeper integration.

Hudson's originality was most strikingly manifest in his one great work of fiction: 'Green Mansions.' It is worth considering at some length here, along with what are perhaps his three other greatest works: 'Far Away and Long Ago'; 'Afoot in England'; and 'A Shepherd's Life.' That synthesis of the forms of literature referred to above is found in all these works in a high degree; but particular aspects of Hudson's genius are prominent in each. In 'Green Mansions' his power of imaginative creativeness is most to the fore; in 'Far Away and Long Ago' his power of introspective psychological analysis is most apparent; and in 'Afoot in England' and 'A Shepherd's Life' the descriptive naturalist finds his highest place.

Considered purely as a formal novel, 'Green Mansions' is a failure. The plot is slender and the characterisation, except in the one supreme case of Rima, is not very distinguished. But in imaginative content, in power of description, in beauty and simplicity of language, and in climax and effect it is superb. The earlier chapters leading up to the appearance of Rima contain some of the most mysterious passages, surely, in the whole range of literature. We are held by the magic of this creature who is, as yet, nothing but an exquisite voice—held every moment, eagerly expecting her appearance. The actual materialisation of Rima is disappointing, perhaps because we have expected so much; but she is remarkably drawn, and increases in power as the book continues. It is doubtful if Hudson ever employed such sustainedly beautiful writing as in this book. Towards the end the writing reaches a high level of intensity; and from the moment when Abel hears that Rima has been burnt by the Indians the book passes into a realm of fantastic subjectivism. Hudson the psychologist reveals himself. Murder, blasphemy, self-torture, and madness descend upon the grief-crazed Abel, whose subjective experiences are heightened against the horrible objective background of the South American plain and forest. The chapter describing Abel alone in the hut he has built over the remains of Rima's

old home, with only a huge hairy spider for company, seeing in his half-delirious mind Rima's old grandfather in the corner and feeling her arms around him, is one of the highest flights of imaginative literature.

It was part of Hudson's genius that he rarely exaggerated an effect—indeed, he sometimes erred by understatement. The supreme example of his art, in this respect, is the description of how Abel goes at last to see the ashes of Rima beneath the great tree in which the Indians burnt her :

'At noon on the following day, I found the skeleton, or, at all events, the larger bones, rendered so fragile by the fierce heat they had been subjected to, that they fell to pieces when handled. But I was careful—how careful!—to save these last sacred relics, all that was now left of Rima—kissing each white fragment as I lifted it and gathering them all in my old frayed cloak, spread out to receive them.'

Set against the known passion and despair in the lonely man's heart, this passage is a masterpiece of restraint, its effect relying solely on the knowledge the reader possesses of the real psychological state of the man who is speaking.

It is very difficult to believe that the mind that conceived 'Green Mansions' is the same mind that converses with us, serenely, tenderly, mockingly humorous, in the essays and travel books. Except for an occasional outpouring of intense passion or grief, Hudson is content in these works to wander along the lanes, and over the hills of England, 'observing everything that he sees,' or ranging in memory over the pampas, describing, transmuting in the bright mirror of his mind for our delight. There is a genial sanity in these works that is wholly lacking in 'Green Mansions'; yet the unity of the personality is not broken : all are pure Hudson.

Turning for a moment to his great autobiography, 'Far away and Long Ago,' in which he tells the story of his childhood in the distant pampas of South America, we find the quality of analytical introspection most in evidence. By general consent, this is one of the most original autobiographies ever written : it is unlike any other story of childhood in the translucent beauty and simplicity of its style and the charm and strangeness of its

matter. Strangeness was a word that appealed very strongly to Hudson. He often uses it; and felt strongly drawn to strange people. There is a great distinction between this word and the more common expression 'eccentricity': both words are, to some degree onomatopœic—the sounds resemble the ideas behind them. 'Strangeness' has the musical sound of mystery and individuality; 'eccentricity' the angular sound of distortion and comic egotism. Hudson himself was a strange being. Pre-eminently sane (a friend once told him he was 'too disgustingly sane for anything'), he yet stood apart from his fellows in some indefinable way that even Roberts was at a loss to describe. It was simply there; and that was the end of it. This indefinable quality of strangeness is very evident in the autobiography, and gives it its place apart. Outwardly it is a simply told narrative of boyhood days in a wild and barbarous country, with descriptions of the natural history, human and non-human, of that country—outwardly; but inwardly it is the record of the development of a unique soul.

The outward simplicity of Hudson's work in the sphere of non-fiction (which comprises the greater part of it) is very manifest in the English essays, of which 'Afoot in England' and 'A Shepherd's Life' are probably the most distinguished examples. An undiscerning reader glancing through either of these books might get the impression that they were the notes of an amiable country gentleman with a taste for natural history, possessed of a 'good easy style'! But it is impossible to read them with care and with the sympathy that the approach to all great art requires without perceiving the inner transmutation of the things described. Not that Hudson could fail to be dull: dullness was his greatest fault. Too great an artist to lapse into the banal, he frequently fell into the fault of the classical writers, artists, and composers, and when his inspiration ran dry he preferred to say nothing in as polite a manner as possible. This failing is less evident in the books under consideration than anywhere else; but there are long passages in many of his lesser known works that are boring in the extreme. In 'A Shepherd's Life' the inspiration rarely flags. The book seems to be nothing more than a collection of stories gleaned from the conversation of an old Wiltshire shepherd; but actually

how much more is there. Everything is transmuted in the brightness of Hudson's mind: the simple tales of shepherds and sheepdogs, of the downs in sunshine and rain, the reminiscences of village life, the stories about birds—all are alive with the touch of a magician.

None of the works considered above do justice to Hudson as a naturalist pure and simple. Although all contain wonderful descriptions of nature in her many moods, the human element predominates; and strange though it may sound, the opinion is advanced here that Hudson, in spite of his devotion to birds and to all forms of wild-life, was above all a humanist. This accounts not only for the predominant part played by human beings in the bulk of his work, but for the otherwise inexplicable fact that he was willing to spend the greater part of his life in London, in the top flat of a Bayswater tenement house. Admittedly he was poor and his wife owned the house; but he was a *free man* and could have lived anywhere in the country for a few shillings a week. He would not perhaps have admitted it, but London may well have been for him a vast, sprawling forest of humanity that perennially excited his interest. It is not fanciful to see in London with its incredible diversity, some resemblance to a city built not with human hands, but an architectural forest grown out of the earth.

There is no doubt that Hudson possessed a profound understanding of all forms of wild life, and his work as an intuitive naturalist will live; but man is the summit of nature, and the greatest of Hudson's works—those considered above—are primarily humanistic. Man is seen as part of nature; nevertheless he is the all-important part, since he is the mirror of her beauty.

It is possible to shed some light on the spirit of W. H. Hudson in considering the hereditary and environmental circumstances of his life; though nothing can entirely explain the causes that moulded his unique spirit. Hudson was born in South America, near Buenos Aires, whither his parents had emigrated. His father was of Devon stock and his maternal grandmother was Irish. Thus he combined a fundamentally English heredity, shot through with a vivid strain of the Celt, and moulded in the fierce, primitive environment of the pampas and their Gaucho inhabitants. The three forces are plainly

evident in Hudson's work as a whole. The bulk of it deals with the English countryside, and is serene, mellow, and balanced in content: nature is represented by the characteristically English landscape of small birds and beasts, woodlands, meadows, downs, and gentle meandering streams. Only in the chapters dealing with the wilder parts of our country, such as the Cornish coast, does the Hudson of the pampas, of nature wild, lonely, and pitiless, make its appearance. We have to go to the American romances and essays to discover the Hudson of his boyhood environment. But in all his work there lurks a streak of elfin imagination rising at times to a ruthless ferocity that betrays un-English origins. For many pages we wander along in company with a cultivated English field-naturalist, until all at once, without warning, we are confronted with a primitive being who glares at us with the wild, sorrowful, yet mockingly humorous eyes of the Celt. The persistence of the Irish strain is remarkable; and cases exist in which individuals conserve characteristics of very remote Irish ancestors.

Early in his life two things happened to Hudson that seriously affected the whole trend of his future. He became ill with a peculiar form of heart trouble, and for a time his life was despaired of: when at length he recovered, a profoundly introspective feeling for nature, already germinal, had developed. Life meant more for him than for those who are able to take it for granted. The wild, free life of nature became symbolical of life itself—the *hylozoistic* identification of matter and spirit. It is impossible entirely to reject the Freudian hypothesis that, coupled with his intense love of his mother, this love of nature developed into a personal 'in-love-ness' of which Rima is the imaginative objectivisation. At about the same time his brother, returned from abroad, put into his hands a copy of 'The Origin of Species' of his reception of which he gives two separate contradictory accounts. In 'The Book of a Naturalist' he writes that, having read it—"It's false," I cried, in a passion'; in 'Far Away and Long Ago' he tells us that he laughed when he handed it back to his brother, but read it again with a deepening conviction of its truth. Its effect was profound, and provided (as unfortunately it did to so many youthful minds of that age) a negative attitude to religion, while the

positive side—the worship of nature—was correspondingly deepened.

From his father Hudson inherited his courage, from his mother his tenderness and charm. But his spirit, that unique entity that made him himself, he did not inherit nor did he develop : this was the gift of God. It is not to be defined in words, but can only be gleaned from the pages of those imperishable words he left behind him. He is not everyone's taste and it is not unlikely that his audience will always be small. But his niche among the immortals of English literature is assured ; and to those who 'love birds and man and the wind on the heath,' he will remain a joy for ever.

ROBERT HAMILTON.

Art. 8.—THE RETURN OF LAW.

At some later date, in retrospect it will be possible to view with some amusement and detached irony the undignified scurry of certain neutral or endangered nations to pay court to the Power which, for the moment, seemed to be in luck's way, and at the same time to disembarrass themselves of former treaties with ourselves. Human nature can be a very unheroic thing. The noise of dive-bombers and motorised columns easily drowns the small voices of law, of self-respect, and honour. Certain small States have emulated the animal which by protective mimicry hoped to survive everything—until it attempted to pass itself off as tortoiseshell and came to grief. Grave have been the trials of those who, against their decent instincts, have in turn or simultaneously tried to be acceptable to Nazi, Fascist, and Communist, and find only heartless gangsterism possessed by them in common. Ideologies are the hollow masks of aggression merely.

The spectacle is enough to confirm an uncompromising moral stand on our part, if only by sheer repulsion. The only safe and satisfying line in the end is the straight line. As a people and an Empire we have reached the crux of all our experience, and we see that it is better to put the morality of this universe to the test, supremely, and, ignoring the twistings and doublings of time-serving opportunism, to fight and still fight until the original war aims which inspired this crusade are won, undiluted—or gladly take the consequences.

Those fight best who have nailed their colours to the mast. A thousand weaknesses are thus forestalled. When Poland's chivalry went down before a novel Jugger-naut, we proclaimed that it made no difference to our policy. It was well done. And when Norway and Denmark followed, we were still steady. Nay, when Holland and Belgium succumbed, we refreshed our resolution at its pristine source. Then, like some historic cathedral, France collapsed, and we were left to the eyes of the world alone with a foaming enemy. 'But still our voice, unaltered, sang defeat' to all that he stands for.

Now this is, historically, the sort of thing for which those have to be prepared who really embrace a principle,

a cause, a finer spirit. Crusaders must expect knocks, wounds, set-backs, and humiliations. A poor crusader he would be who should waver and compound with the devil because the devil was having his habitual early run of success. But fighters, just in proportion to the breadth or disinterestedness of their hope, must look for something equally trying—the censure, desertion, or shrugging of the ‘impartial’ onlooker and the erstwhile friend and protégé. One country which the other day was fighting its holy war for altar and faith, and making much of that claim, can now (July) pretend to see that faith in aggressively heathen Germany. Another can form its government of ex-Fifth Column figures in the hope of placating the occupying Power. As we reject new baits to make a corrupt peace, as we abide loyally by our allies who are under Hitler’s Gestapo, we shall be slandered as war-mongers—by the Prussian War-State! And so on: the catalogue of meanness is almost bottomless. If we ‘bate not a jot of heart and hope, but steer right onward’; if we repeat, unmoved, the obvious fact that the cause of decency and human rights stands or falls with us; if we invoke, as we do, the help of God, we are called, in the turncoat foreign official Press, complacent—a well-thumbed word calculated to panic all sincere triers out of their resolution. Sometimes it seems that the enemy is not merely in the ‘red,’ the black, or the brownshirt, but in the ‘yellow streak’ in political humanity, and the base worship of those squat idols temporary success and the apparent *fait accompli*.

The restoration of law and good faith between nations is the biggest cause we or anyone ever contended for. It is even for the salvation of our opponents and detractors themselves, if their purblind *real politik* could see it. It is the cause of God—of the life *within* all enduring life; of spirituality as against animalism called dynamism. It will conquer—ultimately; the ‘make’ of Mansoul guarantees so much. But for us the aim is that it will win with us, and not long after us, when a dark age of force and vulgarity has intervened and we have gone down. It will, in the degree in which we deliberately and ardently identify our effort with the most sacred and religious values known, thus supernaturalising our patriotism. To us, it must be a matter of complete indifference what

craven trimmers say about our obstinacy, our past neglects and inconsistencies, our 'complacency' or arrogant claims to divine favour. For us, all morality condenses into the one clue: Fight on. It is the only argument which the bullies understand. Indeed, now it has become the appointed argument which Providence, working out the world's future, recognises. And the fight itself, whatever its ebbs and flows (I write in July, before an invasion of Britain has been attempted), is itself a supreme witness and contribution to morality. An Easter follows a Good Friday, a crown follows a cross well borne. No martyrdom is vain, no bravely waged battle really lost. These long-date facts are true of Poland, France, Norway, and Holland. The cumulative flow of blood, effort, desire, will, and prayer in the months since September 1938 must in the nature of things *tell*, at some time and in some way. It needs no oracle to proclaim that. It would need one to specify just how and when—and he would be exceeding his powers. For a very great deal is going on in the unseen. Most of the important factors and happenings are in the unseen, and do not get chronicled in the papers. They are not events; they are the makers of coming events. In that unseen, I believe, is growing (despite the trumpeted land successes of the enemy) an almost world-wide nausea at Nazism, force, cheap triumphs, vulgar dictatorship, and bad conscience. Even the momentarily lucky are eating sour grapes. The teeth set on edge will come in due time, and already the number of suicides in Germany almost equals that of all the rest of Europe, according to Nazi statistics.

Like many Britons, I have ceased to be affected much by the day's war-news. Short views are irrelevant. We have come to the far more interesting stage—a moral stage—when the one significant and joyful fact is that, like St George, we are at grips with the dragon, and therefore supremely well occupied. This is, in short, what we were born for. It is *the* worth-while thing, whatever the outcome. If we could rise to it, the ideal attitude would be one of indifference about the score, so long as the war went on against evil. That fight is to be viewed as a very great privilege. It is so viewed by most of our defenders and our rulers, as well as by the people instinctively. And we should not shrink from naming the depths which

have at last been stirred in us. We need concrete appeal, not abstract terms : imagine Cromwell at Dunbar saying 'May the ethically right assert its priority over its infringers,' instead of 'Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered.' Lest anyone should fancy this peculiar to a temperament, hear Dean Swift on the merely secular man's outlook : 'He who looks no further than the present world has no sure hold, no firm footing ; he can never expect to move the world he rests upon while he has no support besides for his feet, but lacks, like Archimedes, some other place whereon to stand.' We are not likely to find a harder head than Swift's—certainly not among the promoters of those odd heretical religions Nazism, Communism, and Fascism, earth-born and doomed. And it is one of our strengths that we possess, more than our opponents (who have repudiated it), 'some other place whereon to stand.' Therefore, as in Wordsworth's time, we 'have great Allies,' and, as Malory says in 'Morte d'Arthur,' 'God reserves to Himself a stroke in every battle.' We are at least Theists, and consequently God has an interest in preserving the race and the Power which illustrates that belief.

As long ago as 1886, Russel Lowell wrote : 'The World is a passenger : we strive to ascertain, from time to time, with such rude instruments as we possess, what progress we have made and in what direction. It is rather by a kind of dead reckoning than by taking the height of the Sun of Righteousness, which should be our sea-mark, that we accomplish this, for such celestial computations are gone somewhat out of fashion.' They are, however, pursued in every generation disinterestedly in certain silent observatories, for, as he added, 'this moral thing we call the World is controlled by laws as certain and influences as subtle as any which govern the physical' and it is mere prudence to 'allow for and seek an alliance with them.' A man or a nation may take their walks abroad in the coat of morality, but that necessary garment has been actually spun, woven, and cut in the work-room of religion ; and has to return there periodically to be repaired, cleaned up, or inspected. For in that room exists an absolute standard, the ultimate criterion of living character, the optimum example of what good may rise to. One is not here concerned with the detail that

human occupants of it 'fall short'; of course they must—it would not be the great thing it is were the fact otherwise. The point is the intellectual one, that the divine norm is *there*, and world affairs and morals would be in a far more involved mess but for that fact. The reign of law will return in proportion as mankind base it on the true living Source of law: hardly otherwise. For protocols, codes, treaties, covenants, and other high-minded, lawyer-like paper instruments have a knack of fading by the mere lapse of time. It is a disconcerting and repeated fact that the virtue seems to evaporate from them unnoticed. They are broken or lapse without the formality of being denounced, over half the world at all events.

Why this erosion? Obviously not because of any technical, legal, or practical flaw in them; for some are marvels of comprehensiveness and ingenuity, for which brains have done their best. The reason is simply that there is no element of awe in them; they draw upon no spiritual background of obligation and reverence. And as long as this can be said, the old disappointments will go on and on. I heard once the status of a witness in a case questioned by counsel, till the clerk of the court privately questioned the witness, and then, turning to the Judge, said: 'Competent witness, m'lord—knows he'll be damned. Quite competent.' In that amusingly brusque manner he had got at the heart of the matter. All this elaborate national and international apparatus boils down to the element of belief; belief in consequences, penalties, rewards, and a Power not ourselves which can and in the end will avenge societies that are a 'law to themselves.'

One of Goldsmith's characters observed, 'I now begin to find that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him.' The word-breaker carries all before him for a time, but then becomes discredited. Thus, Hitler is a morally bankrupt demagogue, with his political valet Mussolini.

There is coherence and substance in that conception of law. There is comparatively little stuffing in the popular and the glib politician view of it as something sat on by a committee at Geneva or the Hague. Yes, but how diffuse such a potent and saving belief among mankind? it will be asked. Difficult, it certainly will be; but not so drenched with difficulty and futility as our present

plight, where words mean little and promises are kept just so long as it suits the stronger party to keep them, so that communities are coming to repel guarantees, avoid pacts, and save good parchment and ink. This diplomatic rascality is no isolated thing ; it is of the same generation as the stretched and broken marriage vow, the evaded contract, and ' keeping on the safe side of the law.' It is merely a result of the slump in faith ; the less faith, the less trust between men.

Honour, scruple, reliability, probity are no accidents thrown up by this or that human race, unassisted, out of itself. They are quite late flowerings of a very long spiritual history ; they may live on awhile after the religious influences have ceased to work directly on the whole of society, but there is no escape from it—they die if the divorce continues. Our own Anglo-Norman race only became capable of self-government after a thousand years of discipline by spiritual and civil authority. All our freedoms worth anything are the results of thousands of past obediences and inner training. A quick way to lose results of character is to throw over all ideas of obligation and duty : for though you can dispense with scaffolding when a building is finished, you cannot do so in the case of national or personal virtue—because that is a continuously renewed work, which very easily comes *un-done*.

The world's efforts to get law respected have miscarried in modern times for a very sure reason : the ' law ' proposed comes sponsored by diplomats, politicians, and jurists only ; it has no august backing or background of spirituality—no air of the *numinous*, of mystery, of greatness. The ' law ' is like a laid fire which obstinately refuses to kindle. It remains impersonal, a non-conductor to the spirit of man. The modern impasse is just this, that (as Pascal pointed out) mind cannot bow to *non-mind* ; the conscious spirit will not and cannot muster any reverence for ' law ' which is an expression only of forces and matter, of nature and sociological factors. In such a humanist vacuum we intelligent beings are masterless, leaderless, and robbed of our proper horizons. I am aware that there are a few subjectivist gentlemen writing to-day (in the comfortable security of ripe, protected England) who with high-minded sentiment say they are

privately attached to a personal idealism which is morality without religion, ethics without revelation, conscience without Anyone to be accountable to (except self, which thereby becomes the *Deus in machina*). But they only misunderstand this illogical frame of mind. It is a luxurious error which lends itself to charming verbal bravura, and allows the typical modern non-committal man in his garden or study to transfer the altar (if any) to his own self, and 'stand apart, holding no form of creed, but contemplating all,' as 'The Palace of Art' put it.

But it will hardly run an individual scholar's life, much less a nation's, a race's, or a world's. For we cannot isolate and flask 'goodness' in this manner. 'Good' is, ethically used, an adjective qualifying a certain kind of behaviour by an intelligent being choosing a course. It is a description of the conduct and character of conscious personality, and has no meaning and no existence apart from such concrete living being. If such plain facts are overlooked, is it to be wondered at that men forget equally that there is no moral goodness in human beings which is spontaneously generated, underived from the same source as consciousness and personality are? If it be objected, 'Cannot we be good by obeying "natural law," sociological and international law, plus manners and the *convenances*?' the answer is, 'By obeying anything less than Personal, you—a person—are unfortunately degraded, depersonalised: the superior is serving the inferior nature, the conscious obeying the unconscious, the spirit conforming to force, matter, and their laws—a monstrous inversion, and the very definition of the a-moral or immoral.'

There the plight of half of modernity is exposed. It is more honest not to idealise or sentimentalise such a shell or prison of envining necessity, and dream of extracting virtue from it. Law or mechanism not indwelt by mind, by divinity, is no law for man. Being non-theological, it is sub-human.

Free men, who are at the same time reflective, will not do homage to 'law' which turns out to be camouflaged necessity or a generalisation from the action of phenomena. There is nothing ennobling or liberating in that. Rather may it lead to mental slavery—as we see it has done in

certain ideological communities, where this or that aspect of 'law' has been hypostatised and made a God of. Man, who is really 'a capacity for God,' is so ridiculously prone to make a deity of himself, of an 'attitude to life,' of an art, or a science, or a party, of a race or nation, of a system and a cult. No wonder that the more respectable but still ineffective kind draft aspiring laws of nations, projections of their own personal code and likings, and announce that this shall be the final arbiter and ideal of all things. It is a mistake to suppose that mankind's busy habit of god-making ended some time ago: the industry was never so flourishing as now, and the old idols and graven images were comparatively innocent judged by consequences.

The very idea of society, of the community, tends to usurp the centre of worship in our days. Man has never before been so ravaged and overdone with the political idea. Like a sirocco, it invades his privacy, his lungs, and his secret thoughts, almost forbidding a personal, spiritual life.

As the Germans have always heavily overdone the idea of obedience to a centralised State for predatory purposes, without the right or the light of civic criticism, so perhaps we and the French in diverse ways have overdone the vagaries of what we call freedom. The former enslaves the mind; the latter hampers and confuses action. There is no doubt which is the worse morally; but license and easygoing are attended with worse immediate practical effects. The excessive State bureaucracy and interference of Germany—which tends to spread, with variations, in other countries, because its 'organisation' and 'technical triumphs' advertise it to the imitative—accustoms the masses in time to the notion that it is a natural thing for men in office to possess a fantastic and irrational power. The insane becomes for them the sane, or the familiar. Conscience almost ceases to react to official enormities, and 'nothing succeeds like excess.' In order that men should resist injustice or other immorality, something more is necessary than that they should think it local, racial, a phase, or unpleasant. They must be got to think it startling, absurd, against Nature, Law, and God. That is, they must have the violence of astonishment. And nothing fades more easily than

surprise and shock at human wickedness, as we see in evil times. A tiny 1 per cent. of the crimes recorded and witnessed in the last few years would, *before* the German and Russian revolution, have frozen the world with horror and have caused a hundredfold more sustained indignation than they have done. That is one of the modern dangers—the ‘indurated breast,’ forgetfulness of wrongs out of sheer self-protection of the sensibilities. A twin danger is to be hypnotised by them, as many smaller countries have been; so that the people of one non-belligerent Power, though reputedly Christian and not in imminent danger, have in their Press lauded the violent lawlessness of Germany as ruthless and efficient. This fascination by evil has been called ‘the lure of the abyss.’ It is to admire Lucifer because of his unscrupulous strength, and to be blinded to his rebellion and his ultimate destruction by moral law. It is to dote on Goliath and shrug at David; to marvel at the lashing tail of the dragon, but see very little in the circumspect bravery of St George and to fail to recognise who is on the right.

Hence the force and value of the Premier’s and Mr Chamberlain’s and Lord Halifax’s descriptions of Hitler and company as ‘these wicked men,’ who represent anti-Christ. The moral judgment is at once truest and most effective in war.

‘The conversion’ of Germany, Sir Neville Henderson tells us, is a necessity to the future of Europe; and is perhaps going to be an incredibly arduous process. Ideas of right and wrong have been transposed, young consciences malformed, terms debauched. To some minor extent, feelings outside Germany too have been made callous: we have supped on horrors till sin is almost a platitude, and the zest for its punishment and its perpetrator’s conversion becomes faint. We have, all of us alike, to recover that first intensity and simplicity of moral view, the irreducible distinction between good and bad. The world’s conscience has to be sensitised and Christianised again, the moral lines drawn precisely and the higher emotions quickened. Can politicians do this alone? No statesman worth his place would claim it. President Roosevelt, by speech and diplomatic act, has shown that the spiritual authority of the Church must be

invoked. Mr Chamberlain, addressing the churches, says their function is indispensable to this end. Lord Halifax's outlook is known. Cardinal Hinsley says Nazism is organised enmity to Religion, and he calls attention to the Vatican's witness. If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for the battle? And morality—in isolation from religion and its sanctions—is a trumpet that gives such an uncertain sound. It lays down laws; but reflective people can only ask, 'Why?' And morality, as such, cannot answer. It can only repeat its dogma, with feminine inconsequence. The reason is that it is a fruit, not a root; a result of something, not a cause; a system, not the builder of that system.

Therefore we have to rid ourselves some time of that stultifying shyness of doctrine which has enfeebled all our action for so long, and made our statements on graver international issues so unsupported, arbitrary, and personally temperamental. There will be no safe morality without its nourishing root of dogma, and the more we dodge the bases the longer shall we be (in the objectionable sense of the good word) 'dogmatising' out of a void. It is unintelligent to be emotionally or timidly prejudiced against foundations, outlines, and contours. There will be no structure without them. Just in the degree in which those have been let go, Europe fell apart like a body from which the bones have been filleted.

There is, as we know, a faint unreasoned dislike of the term 'doctrine' or 'dogma,' even though these actually mean nothing more than teaching, information about principles, or disclosure of truth that is above the senses. That is an asset to any society: nay, it is the society. Social cohesion and individual worth cannot long be maintained without clear and shared ideas of that which is the final true centre of obedience and service. We need great public voices and executives to announce these facts, caring not at all about the 'public feeling,' because public feeling is often a guessed-at, imaginary thing; always variable and unsure of itself; rarely well-informed or thought out; and chiefly remarkable for a desire to be told how it should feel. Those will obtain the truest ascendancy over general opinion who do not trim to it, but are steadily faithful to the vision they have got. The

old democratic idea of first consulting the many for instructions, which in reality they are waiting to receive, is manifestly bankrupt. We see now to what it led us, in claptrap, unpreparedness, and words in place of things. The tragedy of the modern world is that concentrated leadership and authority, a great good in itself, has been yoked with Belial and Moloch, with lies and onslaughts and terrorism; while the free men for years used their freedom to chatter and sleep. The free men will regain genuine liberty now only by accepting genuine authority—the sort derived from the Eternal.

W. J. BLYTON.

Art. 9.—THE KEY TO RELIGIOUS INDIFFERENCE.

IF, as is constantly asserted, this generation is chronically indifferent to the challenge of the Gospel of Christ, the reason must be that the Church has not yet found the right way of approaching it. It is not, for instance, that this generation is incapable of responding to the Gospel, for that would be to say that it is not composed of human beings. It is not that the Gospel has lost its ancient power and can no longer appeal to the man of the Machine Age: if that were so it would simply mean that the Gospel was untrue and every soul who had ever tried to live by its light was deluded. The indifference is not due to evil social conditions, nor to the recurrent epidemic of war. Nor is it true to say that the primary cause of religious indifference lies in the difficulty of restating our belief in modern terms. If we could to-morrow bring about a new reformation of the Church, relieve the bishops of their palaces and the vicars of their big houses, abolish the Parson's Freehold, pay all clergy equally, and generally make all the organisational changes which are needed, we should still not have touched the root of the trouble.

All these causes, and dozens of others, have been suggested as the root of the evil of religious indifference in one or another of the now considerable library of books in which the problem has been examined. Indeed, there is probably no modern theme which has been so incessantly and voluminously debated; and this is as it should be for there is none more vitally important. But as a result of this incessant commentary there are few modern subjects so completely smothered in complexity. Ingratitude towards those who have spent themselves in struggling to discover why it is that the religious motive plays so tiny a part—or no part at all—in the lives of the considerable majority of people would be as foolish as it is unbecoming. In fact we all owe them a great deal, since they have done the necessary spadework. But it remains true that the problem has now become unmanageably complicated and obscure. If the discussion is ever to become fruitful again, it is time to let a little daylight into it. This can be done only by a resolute simplification, even an oversimplification of the issues. Therefore we can begin with the one really simple fact which lies at the heart of the

whole problem : if the Gospel is true, and if this generation is human, the deep cause of religious indifference is our failure to find the right approach to it, and all else is secondary.

Every one of the innumerable diagnoses of our age agrees at least in this, that it is an age of well nigh intolerable tension. It is further agreed that the roots of this tension are not to be sought in such experiences as unemployment or war but lie far deeper. If both unemployment and war could be miraculously abolished to-morrow, the immediacy of the tension would be alleviated but it would not be resolved. The heart of the trouble is a sense of frustration so universal as to be almost cosmic : it is the sense that life is always cheating us, and that there is something in the very structure of the scheme of things which makes it so. That is to say that this tension, of which modern men and women are more aware than they are aware of anything else in the world, is profoundly spiritual in its nature. That is what makes it so exasperating, for there can be no cure apart from spiritual and supernatural power. This is to import into the discussion a term quite unpredictable to those who possess a supernatural faith, and unintelligible to anyone else. As a result, the modern man fights all the time against an exasperating sensation that he is at grips with a deadly enemy which threatens to destroy him, and yet is completely elusive.

Ours is by no means the first era in which this has happened, for the sense of spiritual frustration hanging like a pall over the whole business of living is one of the constant themes of history. It was, for instance, true of the wan and moping, listless and apprehensive world into which Jesus was born ; and it has been true of Christendom from time to time ever since. What we see to-day is undoubtedly agonising, and perhaps it is even true that the malaise of spiritual frustration is attacking mankind on a vaster scale than ever before, but in principle it is simply one more variation on a theme which is at least as old as the spiritual apprehension of human beings. The fact that it exists constitutes our necessary challenge to give birth in the spiritual sphere to a regeneration comparable to the constant regenerations in the social sphere of which history is an immemorial record. These

two spheres are ultimately one, but the modern challenge is primarily delivered to the spirit of man, and it is there that it must first of all be met.

In the history of Christendom we can plainly discern the technique of meeting it. Over and over again the disease of spiritual frustration, with its concomitant processes of religious indifference and social dislocation on a vast scale, has arisen to plague the effort of Christians, and to deride their consciousness of the victories they have won in the past. The challenge has invariably been delivered in the same way and called forth the same response. By that response it has always been turned to a greater good than would have been possible without it. The response essentially consists of a new concentration upon and apprehension of some single aspect of the love of God which Christ reveals. The aspect is naturally that one which speaks to Christians of divine strength in the particular field where they most deeply discern their weakness. While the challenge is passing through its most agonising phase this single aspect of God's power is emphasised almost to the exclusion of others. For a time the expression of Christianity becomes necessarily one-sided, and its one-sidedness is signalised by the tendency to think of Jesus in terms of a single one of His titles. It is not that the others are wholly forgotten, but the need of the particular form of Grace suggested by the instinctive use of the single title is so overwhelming that every activity of religious consciousness is concentrated upon it. An exploration of the riches of the divine reality which this title represents constitutes for that generation of Christendom the bringing out of its treasure things new and old for the salvation of society. It is neither possible nor appropriate to present a balanced and poised religion to an age of spiritual crisis. A fully balanced Christ can be received only by a religiously adult generation, and a generation in the throes of spiritual crisis is never adult.

It would be possible to tell the whole story of Christendom by using this theme as the single method of interpretation. To use it would be to ask of each successive era of Christian history, which was plainly decisive for the future, a single question: of all the titles of Jesus, which was the one most constantly on men's lips? To

discover the guise under which most Christians at the time of the Reformation, or the Oxford Movement, thought of their Master is not only to uncover the essential weakness in which Christ made them strong, but also to lay bare the secret of how they were able to turn an agonising challenge into the ground of creative advance.

The disciples whom we see in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles thought most naturally of Jesus under the image of the Risen and Ascended Lord. It was the burden of their preaching that He whom the Jews had rejected and condemned to suffer the accursed death had been triumphantly vindicated by God on Easter Day, and by the Ascension had guaranteed His eternal presence with His Church. The controversy over circumcision and the Gentiles changed the image: Jesus became the Patron of the illimitable missionary enterprise of the Church, and the text on most men's lips was, 'Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Later, during the period of the great Ecumenical Councils, the chief need was to define what the religion of Christ was, and still more what it was not, and Jesus became the Touchstone of the Faith. There followed the era of the breaking of nations which passed into the Dark Age. It was natural that Jesus should become the Divine Founder of the Church, since only the conception of the Church as one and authoritative stood between the social order of Europe and utter chaos. In the later Middle Ages, when this hardly won and unified social order was threatened on all sides by heretics and Mahommedans, He became the Dread Judge of Quick and Dead, and His qualities of mercy and intercession were conceived of as lying within the province of His mother. For the Reformers He was the Divine Rebel, thundering once more against a top-heavy authority living on its own reputation. For the Evangelical Movement in England He was the Good Shepherd. The leaders of the Oxford Movement and the early Tractarians thought of Him as the Divine Founder of the Church.

He was, and is, all of these, and many others. He did found the Church, and He did emphasise His office as Judge. He did play the part of a Divine Rebel, and He explicitly claimed the Good Shepherd as a title. Every one of them is true. But which one is true for us who

live in the Europe of 1940 ? We are not a coolly poised and balanced generation, and we cannot escape from the question by saying that each one of the titles of Jesus shall be true and equally true for us. A fully balanced religion is impossible for us ; our age is too iron, and our spiritual malaise is too universal. The lessons of Christian history are plain : a challenge in the spiritual sphere can be met only by those whose mental picture of their Lord is sharp, distinct, and precise. Therefore it must be one-sided, even unbalanced. Since, then, we must choose between the titles of Jesus, and adopt one as our watch-word, which should it be ? What is He to us ? That is the question we have to answer, and it is far too important a question to be answered immediately and without careful thought.

At the least it is true that He seems to be a haunting and attractive figure, a Hound of Heaven who refuses to let go His hold on human imagination even in an age of deep religious indifference. But it is also true that this vague and inchoate interest in Jesus Christ has very little observable effect on the growth of the kingdom He died to win. This is because interest in Jesus does not amount to discipleship, and need not of itself even lead in that direction. It is perfectly compatible with the two Christological heresies which seem to have bitten so deep into the modern consciousness—the heresy of supposing that He is a dead hero in a book, and the error of thinking of Him as dwelling in light unapproachable, far away from the heats and pains of the actual world of men and women. No views of Jesus could be quite so deadly. They reduce Him to an example which we cannot hope to follow, or to a refuge to whose care and comfort we may come only in the hereafter.

Such heresies as these are the natural fruit of an ‘interest’ in Jesus which never amounts to any vivid ‘experience’ of Him. But to experience Him is to have formed one’s own vivid mental image of Him, and without that mental image neither experience nor discipleship are really possible. An individual may easily be brought to the point where Jesus means something intensely vivid and personal to himself. Every practising Christian knows this. But we are thinking not of individuals but of communities and how to find the right approach to

them. Is it possible for a community to experience communally the grace and the love of God through its communal acceptance of a particular picture of Jesus? All Christian history shows that it is. Periods of religious tension are resolved only when a view of Jesus is preached which the community approached intuitively feels to correspond to its own needs. Then a vague interest is transformed into a vivid experience, which in its turn leads to discipleship and with it the knowledge that life's worth while again.

To discover what is the most promising title under which the Christian evangelist may to-day lift up his Master, the simplest method will be first to eliminate those titles which for one reason or another are not appropriate. Some are so plainly unlikely to win the allegiance of the indifferent that they can be at once dismissed without any argument. No missionary would dream of laying his stress on Jesus as the divine Founder of the Church. There may be a number of parallels between our era and the Dark Age, in which that was the cry. But Churches to-day are not popular institutions, except for those who are already members; and while it is plainly necessary that every convert should be instructed in the meaning of the Church as the mysterious Body of Christ, and be brought into loyal membership of it, no one would dream of using that thought as a preliminary instrument of conversion. Nor will the picture of Jesus as the Divine Rebel suffice: we have already suffered too much from rebels and revolutionaries who claim and are accorded a status not short of divine, and that title is hopelessly compromised.

There are other titles in the Gospels, however, which cannot be so summarily dismissed. The Good Samaritan looks, and to many minds is, attractive. It presents a Christ who finds His meaning in the performance of works of mercy which are not beyond the scope of ordinary people, and it suggests that kindness, the virtue which all value and all can share, is what is chiefly required to make a Christian. But for many reasons the figure of the Good Samaritan will not do. It is the least distinctively Christian of all the images under which Jesus spoke of Himself. It suggests, when taken by itself, that the Christian motive should be pity for the victim of the

brutality either of a brigand or of the social system, whereas the sense of the outrage upon God's love is the motive of any distinctively Christian action.

There is the image of the Dread Judge of the Quick and the Dead, and this, being urgently contemporary, sounds more promising. The idea of Divine Judgment finds its place in most sermons to-day, and indeed any picture of Jesus which does not find a due place for a portrayal of His office as Judge is seriously incomplete. But we are not searching for a balanced Christ, and it is doubtful whether we can hopefully go out to convert the world bearing banners with 'Christ the Judge' written on them all. We should have to spend so much time in explaining what the title does *not* mean. That to-day God is judging our civilisation is plainly true, since its real worth is being made plain for all to see. But while Christ is most truly the Judge, as He claimed to be, and while He does by His mere presence convict the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment, yet no missionary would make that the starting point of his mission. Christ the Judge is certainly the second of the truths we have to proclaim about Him, but it is not the first, and if we take it first we shall not overcome the dead weight of indifference to His claims.

No Gospel title is quite so immediately attractive as the Good Shepherd. The impression it conveys of a God who knows each child by name, and cares for each one so much that He will leave the ninety and nine to fend for themselves while He searches out the one that is lost is distinctively Christian. It conveys in unforgettable form the supremely important truth of the uniqueness and dignity of each human being. Throughout the past this title has won for Christ more human souls than any other. That Jesus is the Good Shepherd is a truth about Him which we could never conceivably forget in any generation, whatever its complexion. But that is not to say that this title is to be put first to-day; and if, as we have suggested, the evangelistic concentration is to be laid on one title while the others pass temporarily into the background, there are reasons for doubting if the Good Shepherd is the right title to choose. It does not seem immediately appropriate for an iron age or even relevant to all the facts of it. It neither contains nor suggests an

interpretation of historic calamity in terms of divine love. It stresses the benevolence of the divine energy, but not the starkness of the choice in which men and society are always involved by the divine revelation. For many generations, perhaps for most, the Good Shepherd is exactly the right note for the evangelist to strike. But a generation involved in a crisis of colossal proportions need something sterner, something challenging rather than consoling.

We have passed in review several of the titles of Jesus, the Good Samaritan, the Judge of Quick and Dead, the Good Shepherd, and others ; and we have found reasons for supposing that none of them is exactly what we are searching for. There is another left, which St John uses over and over again in the Fourth Gospel, and of which he expressly promises that what it suggests will lead us at last into freedom. It is *Christus Veritas*—Jesus Christ is the Truth. There, I believe, we have found what we need. This is the title of Jesus which will be to this generation what the Good Shepherd was in Wesley's day.

Christus Veritas : Jesus Christ is the Truth. The assertion opens with the proclamation that Truth exists. Then it goes on to define the nature of Truth in terms human beings can understand. But even if it did not, and we could say no more than Truth exists, still we are fortified at the very point where the events of contemporary history launch their strongest attack on the citadel of our integrity. Even if a man is unable to believe any more than the bare fact of the existence of Truth, but does believe this much with enough conviction to make it an integral part of his own being, he has already turned the flank of the attack of contingent, pragmatic nihilism on his own soul. A new fortitude is already his.

But if he can say no more, then this fortitude is likely to be his only for occasional periods of exalted experience. An effective belief in Truth which is both abstract and unknowable is possible some of the time to all men, but all the time only to a very few men, since that is the prize of a mind very highly trained and disciplined in the arts of detachment. "For that reason, the austere *Magna est Veritas et Prevalet* is never enough. For Christians, however, it is no more than the beginning. The distinctively Christian challenge is this : Great is Truth ;

Truth is in Jesus Christ ; therefore Truth will prevail. It will prevail because it has already been tested on the Cross by all the powers of the cosmic lie, and there it has prevailed with a victory which is valid for all the ages of time, and into eternity beyond.

To justify this choice of the right title for Jesus to-day we should turn first not to philosophy nor to theology but to the historians of modern events, and first of them all to Hermann Rauschning's two books 'Germany's Revolution of Destruction' and 'Hitler Speaks.' It was, for instance, the reading of them which first turned me to this line of thought, because Dr Rauschning makes clearer than anyone else the nature of the weapon which is being used against Christianity to-day. By now there can be no doubt of the enmity between Christianity and Totalitarianism, nor that it is a necessary enmity. It is generally taken for granted that this necessity consists in the completely opposed views the two systems take of the nature and purpose of a man's life. But Dr Rauschning makes us see that the inherent necessity rests on an even deeper foundation. The cleavage starts further back. It starts with two utterly opposed ideas of Truth as such. Every classical religion, and every civilisation nurtured on any one of them, agrees in saying that Truth is an absolute, to be desired for its own sake, and ultimately irresistible. It is precisely this fundamental assumption which is being denied by the new revolutionaries, who have arrived at the logical conclusion of agnosticism, who are nihilists because they believe in absolutely nothing, and who have the sense to put their nihilism positively by using for a slogan, Power for Power's Sake, than which nothing could well be more nihilistic. They have turned the lie into the most formidable of all weapons, and are yet not deceived by it themselves. Thus they are able to take inconsistency and make it into a positive principle, which illuminates all their foreign policy, as for example in the relationships between the U.S.S.R. and Germany, and their domestic policy, as witness the treatment of financiers and industrialists by the Nazis. Their leaders believe in nothing, nothing whatever. They have no sort of belief, for instance, in any of the slogans they habitually employ. The Nazis have borrowed every one of them, even the Race Principle, from earlier German history,

systematically conditioned the masses to hold them as true, and as systematically trained up a closely guarded inner circle in which the truth of all these principles, and any other principle, is categorically denied. This freedom from truth is the prize of the very elect, but as only the very elect have any real voice in affairs it means that Christian civilisation is being confronted by the revolutionary driving force of the Great Lie that there is no Truth. Hence there can be no principle, no humanity, and ultimately no men and women, but only the collective mind of a mass-produced animal. The real driving force of this 'revolution of destruction' which at this moment we are desperately fighting, thus lies in the realm of ideas, and there, no less than on the battle field, it must be fought.

That is why religion is immediately relevant and the Church is in the front line of the battle. The Lie is attempting to oust the Truth, Nihilism to take the place of Christianity, and despair to overcome hope as the impetus to human action. If the first thing to do is defeat the Nazis in the field, undoubtedly the second is to make sure of our hold upon Truth, for if we cannot hold that, all the other precious things we are fighting for, liberty, security, and the new world, will certainly elude our grasp. Hitler has taught us all—and it is his great contribution to the art of strategy—that a nation is thrice armed when it attacks on the spiritual as well as on the military front, and that the weapons which can pierce moral resistance are cheaper to use, and ten times more devastatingly effective, than shells, bombs, and bullets. If any proof of this is needed the melancholy history of the French collapse amply furnishes it, for, as the Prime Minister has recently reminded us, France surrendered long before she had lost anything like as many men as were made casualties in any one of the major engagements of the last war.

The secret of nihilistic strategy is first to give to the negations of pure agnosticism a positive expression, that is, to translate a belief in nothing into a belief in naked power; and second to make of the lie a positive revolutionary force. This the New Nihilists were able to do because they inherited a compromised spiritual situation in Europe which had caused the modern European's hold

on Truth, whether considered in its pure form as Truth for Truth's sake or in its applied form as a belief in the sincerity and integrity of the executive power, to become progressively more shaky. There were many reasons for this but it would take us far out of our course to discuss them here. The point for us at the moment is, if Europe's shakiness about Truth is what has delivered nearly all of it an easy prey to the totalitarian nihilists, the defence of what is still free and the recovery of what is now in chains must be a defence thought out in terms of the great weapon of the triumphant enemy; and that weapon is the original and creative use of the lie. On our side, therefore, thrice armed is he who believes in Truth.

But what is it to believe in Truth? The philosopher, the theologian, the humanist, and the patriot might give very different answers to the question. To follow the evidence wherever it leads, to do justice though the skies fall, to believe in the sincerity of those who rule, to treat every man as an end in himself—all of these are involved in and depend on the belief that there are certainties upon which life can be built because Truth exists and is ultimately impregnable. But, taken separately or together, it is possible to impugn each and all of these affirmations about the consequences of believing in Truth. In the end, their only defence lies in the defence of Truth as an abstract idea in its pure form. Now if one reduces Truth and Nihilism to their most fundamental expressions, and envisages a contest between them, it seems obvious that Truth has no chance of standing unless its feet are firmly planted in eternal places, that is to say, unless it is irrevocably embedded in a resolutely supernatural religion. The effect of Truth is order and the effect of Nihilism is chaos: their conflict is that of creation versus destruction, of hope versus despair. But it is impossible to make sense of any single line of historical development unless it is developed into eternity. History can find no rest at any point within its own course. If in this life only we have hope, that hope can only become despair, and the fruit of despair, as Mr J. B. Priestley so admirably teaches us, is the work of Nihilism.

The most cursory glances into the book of contemporary history, therefore, clearly demonstrate the immediate relevance of the concept of Truth to the present

world situation, and show that Truth is, in fact, one of the parties of the conflict. To present Christ as the Truth is to present Him under that one of His titles which most of all meets our immediate needs. It is to take the common phrase Christ or Chaos, and interpret it in such a manner that none can misunderstand the true choice which it represents. Christus Veritas is the image of God which immediately touches our age at every point.

Such an identification of Truth is the only one which is active with a conquering invincibility. For if it is tied to Christ it has that touch of disinterestedness which any idea setting itself in opposition to the utterly selfish idea of Power for Power's Sake must have. The danger is that we should seek rather to use than to serve Christ, to ask Him to lead us out of the city of destruction wherein we dwell rather than to enlist in His service that He may lead us where He will. This is the current form of the denial of Christ (for ultimately it is a denial), and we are only delivered from it if we so tie up the idea of Truth with the fact of His living spirit that we assert the identification not only with our minds but with our whole beings. Thus we make ourselves usable by Him, and become part and parcel of the cosmic host of God's strength which goes forth conquering and to conquer. The Church has laid upon it the mission to bring the kingdoms of this world under the obedience of Christ. In every generation it must direct its mission in accordance with the particular set of circumstances which history lays down for it, and the governing circumstance of to-day is the challenge hurled at Truth by the nihilistic lie, in which every defeat for Truth has the consequence of narrowing still further the area in which freedom can live. The strategy of the Church to-day should therefore be clear. It must present Christ primarily as the Truth, and follow by Christ's own rider, 'This truth shall make you free.' This is to demonstrate the relevance of Christianity to the world's present crisis, to show convincingly that this crisis can be resolved only by a Christian solution, and to provide the force for it by making the immemorial Christian appeal to this generation in the form in which it is best able to receive it.

ROGER LLOYD.

Art. 10.—TWO EASTERN WAR EPISODES.

I

A RED SEA CONVOY

A CONVOY moves in gay and gentle sunlight along the Red Sea way. It carries merchandise and oil. Along the shining narrow floor of waters low tankers, their funnels set back like Arab boys on donkeys' cruppers, creep two by two, each shabby stern a bare few hundred yards from the bow of the tanker that follows. Sixty thousand tons of oil are here, ready to go up in fire and death at the first torpedo.

Because of the dangers of a route sunk as a lane in hedges in the trough between Africa and Asia, no convoy hitherto has threaded the Red Sea. Not, that is to say, since Italy entered the war. Therefore there is a certain elation in watching the white ensign flutter so arrogant from the mast of our cruiser in the sun. We ourselves are dangerous, our cargo being ammunition. We are protecting the flank—are 'left back' as it were, our cruiser being goalkeeper behind us. Restless as a sheep-dog, she zig-zags from side to side and flickers yellow sentences in morse from her high shining towers. She is black as a thin-backed fish as she cuts the sea towards us; then pale and almost invisible as she turns and trails a pathway green and smooth behind the teeth of foam that bite her sides.

The sea is all intersected by these pathways cut by the racing destroyers and by the fleet altogether as it turns unanimous to zig-zag east or west. An aeroplane circles in the sky, its three engines round like birds' breasts in the sun. From the cruiser in front another aeroplane is catapulted, and springs, light as a butterfly, from its iron home. We are a well-girded caravan. There is a gallant air about us—those small and rusty oil ships, the deep round-bellied merchantmen, the wolf-like grey destroyers—all banded in fellowship together. Slowly and leisurely we move (for the tankers go slow); our men, clad in a minimum of shorts and tennis shoes, are strewn in patches of shade about the decks; through the hot Red Sea hours the crews lie sleeping, ready—like

some one in a legend or a ballad—to spring at a word to life. The guns are manned both fore and aft, their surfaces caressingly and ceaselessly polished with small brushes by devoted crews: eight lookouts are on the watch for periscopes among the ridges and dancing crests of waves; an unobtrusive alertness is hidden behind our curtain of repose. And now as the twilight nears and we reach the straits of Perim (bombed earlier to-day), our warships line up in a broad avenue to see the tankers through. They stand one behind the other in the mirror-light of evening, in which the yellow lighthouse shaft revolving begins to gather strength under a daffodil sky; the tankers push on side by side; far off in sunset Italian hills are there in sight, silent and inoffensive; they leave little doubt as to who is Master of the Sea.

Our galaxy floats on like a family of ducks across a pond, small, but with an Empire behind it. With many centuries of history behind it also, I think as I watch it and see in its grey forms the ghostly outline of many a small armada, different but similar, of such as have handed down to us from age to age their simple heritage of valour. Norse seamen on Massachusetts beaches before they had a name; Channel fleets of the medieval trading carrying—in spite of French in ambush—their Flemish-woven cargoes of wool; the Cape of Good Hope, the Straits of Magellan, and raiding parties in the Spanish Main; privateers under towers of sail a hundred and forty years ago; we were good raiders before being masters of oceans—we would not have let Spaniards charged with gold pass by our doorstep as these Italians let us slip by charged with oil.

Watching this power that moves gently as a dream into the quiet shades of evening, it comes upon one to wonder why this power should be. What gives it birth and what will keep it? It has been with us so long that surely it must be ingrained in the stuff we are made of.

It comes, I think privately but not frivolously, because we do these things *for fun*. For a generation perhaps, or more probably for half a generation, you can stir nations to heroic lusts by theories and sounding names; permanence goes only to those who enjoy what they do. And there is no doubt that these sailors enjoy themselves. In our particular ship they have mostly

not been bred to the navy : they are R.N.V.R., drawn from offices, factories, suburbs—until six months ago scarce one had travelled a hundred miles from London. They are 'keen as mustard,' their captain says. The signal lad is from an insurance office : he stands now bare-foot, with brown young shoulders, flashing back answers to our cruiser. The two gun teams vie with each other in polishing and timing of their guns : they came into action for the first time some weeks ago and the aft gun has a grievance, for the captain did not swing out to give to both a field. She does not hate Germans, or Italians either, but hopes that soon a better chance may come. As for the forward gun, she accomplished fifteen rounds a minute, but hopes to make twenty another time ; one does not want war, but it is natural to enjoy things when they come. Against such pleasures simple and profound the doctrines that irritate our century are bound to fail : for the joy of being a Fascist or a Nazi palls with time, but the pure pleasure of hitting a bull's eye is, humanly speaking, eternal.

II

AN AIR RAID ON ADEN

In clean moonlight Aden crater shows like a broken bowl of ragged earthenware, its rim cracked into points against the sky. A great circle, high in the south, tilts these jagged edges down to where the town lies flat and dark, close to that point which the volcano's lava, breaking through, once pierced to reach the sea. These ancient wars were followed by a peace now ancient in its turn ; washed by soft air, those gaunt precipitous ridges seem ever to have stood just so, in an immobility splashed only by the alternate lights of night and day. The town too has taken on this timeless immobility. Its brown houses are indistinguishable in the night ; its lights are shuttered ; its inhabitants sit quietly at home ; only rarely do motor cars with pin-prick lamps obedient to the black-out show like small specks of its primeval fire in the volcano's lap.

Through this dark peace, built on the silences of Time and sealed by the fears of Man, three muffled wails come riding through the night—air raid sirens from

Steamer Point and the European harbour, dulled by the rocky mass between; their curious banshee voice is followed by dull thuds, the deadened fall of bombs.

As the sound is five miles away, we do not take cover but sit on the roof and watch with fascinated eyes the terror and beauty of war.

Eight searchlights are out. They leap into the sky behind our rocky bowl which seems to gaze, absorbed and dark as a theatre, towards the illuminated stage. Pale, phosphorescent green the long giraffe-necks hesitate and hover; like spokes of a fan, concentrate high in the sky; the moon is just above. At the meeting place of the searchlights, within the green light and the outer milder radiance of the moon, shaped like a cross and held in an evil halo, is the Italian raider. He is, they say, about 6,000 feet up. And now the sky about him breaks as it were into spangles, small jagged golden flashes that mark the bursting shells. Smoke is invisible in the night; only those shattered lightning fragments of gold tell that the sky is tremulous with death. From behind our volcano wall the noise beats up like surf on a beach, constant and angry; the ships are in action too. Four or five at a time in hurrying streamers, red fire-balls like incandescent soap bubbles rush up from behind our wall into the sky and die. And over all this turmoil, strangely reassuring, the moon continues to ride in her smooth light; the rocks whose heart has cooled so long ago keep their impassive and majestic outline; the town lies deathly still below. The raider flees, caught in the pincers of the searchlights till he escapes to the outer darkneses that hang above the ocean; the wounded are gathered and the dead; and the friendly bells come ringing through the streets to say that all is over.

It is a fashion now never to speak of the beauty of war. When the B.B.C. gives us the description of a raid, it takes pains to see that Mr or Mrs Snooks tell us about it in language strictly appropriate to the commonplace. It is probably our moral sense which (rightly) disapproves of war and (wrongly) assumes that it is therefore ugly. Not so the Ancients who behind the tragedy of Ilium could see the features of Helen. 'The face that launched a thousand ships' is more difficult to recognise when you call it by a name like Democracy; but it is

ever a fact that Beauty is made not less but more beautiful by the neighbourhood of death. The fragility and transitory grace of things inspire their human loveliness, and it is the measure in which we feel it that gives us the measure of delight. War, that brings so much of horror, yet gives this poignancy of beauty. It arises no doubt from the greater sensitiveness created in ourselves. And I am confident that many a young man in the future will forget the shrieking towns and burning houses long before the memory dies within him of some stray morning hour, when, with the sleeping world enchantingly about him and the sky just waking, he sets out on an adventure that may bring no return.

FREYA STARK.

Art. 11.—MUDANIA AND CHANAK, 1922.

IN October 1920 I was sent by Mr Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for War, to Constantinople to succeed General (now Field-Marshal Lord) Milne. I little thought that I was about to start such an eventful three years. The Treaty of Sèvres had been signed. The force at Constantinople (28th Division) was to be reduced to six battalions, a cavalry regiment, and some gunners, and I was to see the treaty ratified. I also had a Greek division under me at Ismid, and a Greek regiment at Beicos opposite Therapia on the Bosphorus, where we lived in a house belonging to Krupp's agent next to the German Embassy.

By the Spring of 1922 the situation had become serious for us. I may state here that, even though the French and Italian troops were under my command, I was not allowed by their Governments to employ them in Anatolia. As the situation grew worse I asked the French and Italian High Commissioners and Generals if they would send a squadron of cavalry, a company of French, and a detachment of Italian troops to Chanak, so that we could show three flags instead of one. They readily agreed. At that time I only had one battalion, the Loyals, at Chanak, and I sent down Brigadier Shuttleworth to take command. The French and Italian detachments arrived and were welcomed and played up by the band. We had three flags for a moment ; but directly their respective Governments heard of it they ordered their detachments to be withdrawn. I have never felt more sorry for anyone than for the French and Italian Generals Charpy and Mombelli ; they felt that they had let me down.

Lord and Lady Plumer were just coming up from Malta to pay us a long-promised visit. They stopped at Chanak and saw Brigadier-General Shuttleworth. That fine sailor Admiral John Kelly, in the 'Benbow,' arrived at that time, and landed his bluejackets, including, I believe, his own servant, to help to wire in the little British Force. My old Chief wired to me from Chanak : ' All well here '—so characteristic of him. He and Lady Plumer arrived in the 'Bryony,' which anchored off my house at Therapia, and they came ashore at our landing-stage. We had a big dinner-party that evening in their honour. All the Allied

High Commissioners, Admirals, Generals, and others were invited. The French and Italian Generals begged to be excused as they were so unhappy, but I insisted that they should come. We had a very happy time. No one showed a trace of what he might be feeling inside. It was England at her best. I can see the pipers of the Irish Guards, now, playing in the big hall as the Allies arrived. It really was a remarkable evening, and one which those Generals will never forget ; they literally burst into tears as they left.

It was a wonderful coincidence that my old Chief should arrive at that moment ; it was worth a couple of divisions to me. Next morning I took him to my office and set him down to read all the wires and reports which I had sent regarding the situation. After about half an hour, he said : ' Give me a bit of paper.' That in itself was odd, as in all our association together he had made the decisions and it had been my job to put them on paper. After a time he handed me two messages, and said : ' Send these.' One was a report to the War Office, saying he entirely agreed with everything I had done, and the other was a personal wire to Mr Lloyd George saying the same. It meant a lot to me, as I naturally expected that someone senior would be sent out to replace me. Instead of that, Major-General Hastings Anderson—a real friend—was sent out to be Chief of Staff. He was flown out by that great expert Alan Cobham and, as luck would have it, broke down in Austria, so that it took him twice as long as by the Orient Express. He arrived just after Mudania.

Before I tell the story of Mudania and Chanak, which has never been told before, I must make the situation clear. It will be seen from the above that at that time I had only a very small force at Chanak under Brigadier D. I. Shuttleworth, consisting of one squadron, one battery, and two battalions. It was against this little force that the Turks assembled a much superior force estimated at some 17,000 men. On Sept. 3, 1922, the situation became exceedingly critical, and it is thanks mainly to the admirable way in which it was handled by Brigadier (now Major-General Sir Digby) Shuttleworth and the restraint shown by those under him, that a clash was avoided.

I cannot do better than give the picture in General Shuttleworth's own words, from the report rendered to me :

' Despite the withdrawal of the French and Italian detachments from Chanak, it was obligatory to hold the Asiatic coast as long as possible, to enable our shipping to enter the Sea of Marmara.

' To do this, I had one squadron, one battery, and two battalions immediately available, but, battleships and cruisers of the Mediterranean Fleet were at Chanak, and Rear-Admiral J. Kelly promised to give the utmost possible help in preparation and in support, if attacked. All marines and bluejacket detachments from the ships were landed.

' As I saw the situation, it was uncertain that the Turks would risk a collision with us if they realised that I meant to fight. I determined that the wisest course was to meet them at the extreme limits of the Allied Neutral Zone, in order to warn them clearly of consequences if they were unwise enough to attack my small Force. It was obligatory that there should be no misunderstanding whatsoever. To carry out this plan I placed Captain J. E. Petherick's squadron of the 3rd K.O. Hussars at Ezine, covering the direct road to Chanak from Smyrna, and as this meant keeping them some forty miles inland, I arranged to support his squadron with a detachment of the Loyal Regiment, on mules, placed about half-way. There was another possibility, the Turks might avoid Ezine and move round by the open country, through Bigha to Chanak. To block this approach, a detachment of the Loyal Regiment, supported by destroyers, was placed in Bigha village, to the east of Chanak.

' The next thing to be done was to select a position on which to fight and to prepare for it. Time was short and much had to be done. A defensive position had to be held by a brigade, and, later, to be expanded for a division. This position, though overlooked, possessed a clear field of fire, though it lacked depth ; it was covered on both flanks by guns of the Fleet. In short, it was a position which could be fought against the Turks, who would be unable, probably, to get up sufficient artillery. Tools, wire, timber, and sandbags were available, and working parties of soldiers and sailors, assisted by labour gangs, worked day and night to complete the defence, in depth.

' There were further problems. Numbers of Greeks, refugees, were pouring into Chanak daily. They and the Turkish population of Chanak had to be evacuated in ships. To avoid disease, a clean water supply had to be found on the

European shore, and barges arranged for its carriage across the Dardanelles. Piers had to be built, etc. Without the assistance of the Royal Navy, it would have been impossible to complete preparations before the Turks advanced.

'As far as possible plans were pushed on. The morning of Sept. 23, 1922, the Turkish cavalry crossed the Neutral Zone. They were stopped immediately by the 3rd Hussars. The country was difficult and broken, a succession of low bridges, stony and difficult for horses, through which there were only three good tracks.

'Our orders were not to fire unless fired upon. Contact with the Turkish Commander was established early, and he was called upon by Captain Petherick to halt. He was warned that if he advanced, his cavalry would be opposed; that the opening of fire would mean war with Great Britain and her Empire. The warning delayed the Turks, but did not stop them altogether.

'By blocking the narrow passes Captain Petherick compelled the Turks to outflank positions through which our men would not allow the Turks to pass. Actually the Turks threatened our cavalry with fire at a few yards' distance and, on occasion, even attempted to seize bridles and dismounted men to clear the road. Yet they did not open fire.

'At nightfall the Turks were held along the Menderi River, whose precipitous bank made advance impossible except at certain crossings which we observed. The bridge on the main road had been blown up. It was a bright and starry night, intensely cold and still.

'I had joined Captain Petherick in the afternoon, and I had come to the conclusion that this half-hearted advance showed that the Turkish Cavalry Commander was awaiting orders, and I decided to hold on to the Menderi crossings at any rate for that day, if I could, but, as the Turks were aggressive, it was obligatory that permission to open fire should be obtained, to prevent our weak forces being overwhelmed.

'Consequently I motored back to Chanak and signalled from there to the C-in-C. in 'Constantinople, asking for permission to open fire as, without this, I might not be able to hold up the Turks, who were in strength. Later I went on board H.M.S. 'Benbow,' and reported to Rear-Admiral J. Kelly what had happened. I asked him if he would send a naval observation party and a gunnery officer to join Captain Petherick, to enable the Fleet to cover us should fighting commence. This the Admiral arranged to do. During the night General Sir C. Harington gave me permission to open fire, if compelled.

'The Turks made no move during the night. The naval detachment, under Commander L. Holland, joined Captain Petherick at dawn.

'Next day, Sept. 24, the Turks showed no indication of advancing. Over 1100 Turkish cavalry were counted by Captain Petherick's squadron, and dust clouds were visible during the afternoon towards Ezine, so that the Turks were evidently in force. Reports stated that loaves of bread for 17,000 men had to be baked in Ezine.

'Difficulties of supply and communication compelled me to withdraw Captain Petherick's squadron on the evening of the 24th to a point above Kephez, which is ten miles from Chanak. The withdrawal of the cavalry was not followed up by the Turks until next day, and I had by then moved two battalions and a battery to Kephez in support. Five battalions and considerable artillery reinforcements had reached Chanak by then.

'Before withdrawing from the Menderi River, I sent up the Kemalist Mutessarif, from Chanak, with Major Harenc, my Turkish-speaking Staff Officer, with instructions to allow the Mutessarif to go beyond our positions and to join Turkish Headquarters at Ezine. I did this because I had reason to believe, from information acquired during the afternoon of Sept. 23, that Kasim Orbay Pasha was with the Turkish Cavalry Corps Headquarters, at Smyrna. This General had worked with me at the Turkish War Office for a considerable time and I trusted him. I hoped that the Kemalist Mutessarif would pass on first-hand information of preparations at Chanak and of the fact that I had received permission to commence hostilities if necessary. I felt that the loosing of the Mutessarif would clear up the position, one way or the other. Actually the Mutessarif did not return for some days, but I never discovered what he told the Turks.

'On Sept. 26, I reported from Chanak to General Sir C. Harington in Constantinople that though the Turks were persistently aggressive up to a point, they must have received strict orders to avoid conflict if that were possible. It was a strange situation demanding the utmost restraint on both sides.

'On Sept. 27 I handed over command of Chanak to Major-General T. O. Marden, who had arrived from Constantinople that morning, and I assumed command of my brigade.'

The critical night was Sept. 23-24, as Brigadier Shuttleworth says above. My A.D.C., Lieutenant Leveson

Gower, used to relate how he brought me Brigadier Shuttleworth's wire asking for permission to fire, and took my reply in writing, and that when he came in to see me early in the morning, the first question I asked him was : ' Well, how is the war going ? ' To which he replied that it had not started !

By this time the Government had decided to reinforce my troops in Turkey. A brigade from Aldershot was sent out, and troops from Egypt, Malta, Gibraltar, and other places. The troops included the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, the 3rd Coldstream Guards, and the 11th Battalion Royal Marines. The bulk of the Mediterranean Fleet and a portion of the Atlantic Fleet were also sent, and a ship diverted with 1000 airmen. I sent Major-General Marden and the greater part of a division to take over charge of Chanak. The Air Ministry sent out a number of squadrons to Gallipoli to be placed under my command. I placed Constantinople itself under Brigadier-General Julian Steele, who had under him the Grenadier, Coldstream and Irish Guards, and the 11th Battalion of the Royal Marines. The orders I had from the Government comprised four main points : (1) to hold Gallipoli at all costs. (2) To hold Chanak as long as I could without endangering my force. (3) To evacuate the Ismid Peninsula when forced to by threat of serious attack. (4) To evacuate Constantinople when forced to.

The situation grew gradually worse. A force of 40,000 Turks threatened Chanak, 50,000 threatened Ismid, and near by there was a Turkish general reserve of 40,000—20,000 being at Constantinople and 20,000 in Eastern Thrace. All these troops were greatly elated by the recent victory at Smyrna. I had given General Marden orders to refrain as long as he could, but to open fire if the position became impossible. The Turks at this time were close up to his wire and the position was most unpleasant.

At the very last moment it was agreed to hold a conference of the Allied Generals under my direction, with General Ismet Pasha (the new Turkish President), at Mudania early in October 1922. I proceeded there in H.M.S. ' Iron Duke ' under Admiral Sir O. de B. Brock. It was agreed that the situation at Chanak should remain quiet during the holding of the conference. A Greek General was to be present on a Greek ship and to be kept

informed of the proceedings. I remember well how a French politician, M. Franklin-Bouillon (always called "Boiling Franky" by Sir Henry Wilson), came to see me before I left Constantinople, offering me his help, which I did not require. He had recently been to Angora.

I landed at Mudania and met Generals Charpy and Mombelli on the pier. We proceeded to the conference-room, just a bare room on the sea, of which I have a photograph. Dead Greek bodies, recently pushed off the pier by the Turks, were washed up against it. We were received by General Ismet Pasha. We sat all the morning and adjourned for lunch, and I remember well the Kemalist soldiers outside. They were the first Kemalist soldiers I had ever seen. They were a grim-looking lot, but I thought I would like to say something to them, so, through a gunner officer named Blunt who spoke Turkish, I made some remarks and then asked them if they had been prisoners of the British during the war (I knew that several had been). I asked if they had been well fed. Their faces lit up and they were full of smiles; it was evident that they had never been so well fed before or since!

We sat every morning and afternoon for some days, but it all came to nothing. It seemed a hopeless state of affairs. We eventually broke up, and the three Allied Generals went into the little room which had been reserved for us. We had hardly got inside when M. Franklin-Bouillon came in and said: 'What are your difficulties?' I said they were several. He then got very excited and said: 'I will give General Charpy an order to sign and if you will not take the responsibility I will take it for you.' I replied that I had never asked anyone to take my responsibility and should certainly not ask him. I then told him I was going back to the 'Iron Duke.' He said that he would come with me. I replied: 'No, you won't. They wouldn't have you on board.' It was an unpleasant experience, but I had seen from the first that this was not meant to be confined to what we call a military conference; I knew that he was there to bluff me, and he failed completely.

There were some twenty-eight points on which we could not agree. At last, one evening, we drafted and signed a document giving our final terms and saying that

we were not empowered by our Governments to go further. I told General Ismet Pasha that that was the last word, and that I was returning that evening in H.M.S. 'Iron Duke' to Constantinople and would come back the next afternoon for a final reply. I warned General Marden at Chanak to be prepared for the worst, and on arrival at Constantinople I reported to Sir Horace Rumbold that it seemed hopeless. I saw Brigadier-General Steele and made all arrangements for the holding of Constantinople.

It may be of interest if I add here two speeches which I made to General Ismet Pasha on behalf of the Allied Generals at this critical moment.

'YOUR EXCELLENCY,

'Since we left Mudania yesterday, I am delighted to read the official reply of the Government of the Grand National Assembly to the Allied Note of Sept. 23, 1922. I think it would have eased our task considerably had this note been received before the conference was adjourned, but I am glad to take note that the Government of the Grand National Assembly of Turkey declares itself earnest, as are the Allies, in seeking a peaceful solution to the existing situation.

'Unfortunately, owing to telegraphic difficulties, I have not yet been able to receive a reply from my Government to the questions which I have referred to them, but I think it is sufficiently obvious that the intention is to return Eastern Thrace, including Adrianople, to Turkey at the earliest possible moment for us to be able to conclude the present convention with full confidence in each other. Nor do I anticipate that the Greek Government will oppose the pressure of the Allied Governments to a convention agreed upon in common by the three Allies and the Government of the Grand National Assembly.

'What I desire to inspire is a note of confidence. We must trust each other. There is no ulterior motive in the prohibition to military officers to discuss political questions. It is the rule of my service. I am doing all in my power to conciliate the national aspirations of the Government of the Grand National Assembly with the views of the Allied Powers, and I must ask you to accept the assurance so that we can quietly conclude this convention and make it operative as a preparatory measure to the Peace Conference which is now imminent. It seems to me that, with a conference in sight in fourteen days' time, we should not lose our goal by wasting time in arguing over details.

'We have prepared an amended convention with our H.C.s

which we will submit to Your Excellency to-morrow at 8 a.m. I will not detain Your Excellency any longer to-night but I say to Your Excellency and to all :

‘ If you will trust our good intentions as we trust yours we shall not fail you in bringing about your desire and ours for peace.’

My other address, made to Ismet Pasha at Mudania, on Oct. 9, 1922, was as follows :

‘ YOUR EXCELLENCY,

‘ I am sorry for the delay in this meeting, but I only received instructions from my Government at 11 a.m. yesterday, after the meeting between M. Poincaré and Lord Curzon, and the subsequent delay was in consequence of my colleagues’ having to wait for similar instructions. Then a point occurred last night on which the instructions differed and I had to get the matter cleared up.

‘ First of all, let me thank you for your order of *arrêt absolu*. I am sure you did not mean that your orders regarding cessation of movements during this conference should not have been observed.

‘ The Allied Generals meet you to-day with clear instructions from their Governments. I thank you again for your patience and conciliation through this conference. We have had long and friendly discussions, and we have learned to know each other better. We have trusted you and we hope you have trusted us. We came to fix a line with you and the Greeks, behind which the latter should retire, and we came to discuss with you the best means of installing your own administration into Thrace, and we also came in the hope of affording you the opportunity of securing the goal you have in view without force of arms. We also hoped to prepare the way for the Peace Conference.

‘ This meeting to-day will be an historic one. In this room, before we part, a great decision has to be taken. We must each one of us remember that we represent our various countries in the cause of humanity. We must approach this great issue calmly and with dignity.

‘ The Allied Governments are agreed as to the generous terms they are prepared to offer you. We have embodied them in the convention which we have prepared. They offer to you the terms of the Allied Note of Sept. 23, 1922, by which you obtain the whole of Eastern Thrace, which will be prepared for you by the Allies. They go so far as to provide an Allied buffer west of the Maritza. They give you the protection you asked for regarding Kara Agatch and Adrianople

forts. You put in your own administration with Allied assistance ; the Allies are merely there for a short period to help you.

' You obtain other benefits on peace being declared. You secure the removal of the Allied troops from Constantinople. It appears to me that you are offered nearly all your national aspirations, and without loss of life and without disturbing the future peace and prosperity of your country. You have said that your one desire was for peace. It appears to me that the Allied Powers have offered it to you and your goal is within reach, and that it will be entirely in your own hands in forty-five days and your administration established satisfactorily.

' All the Allies ask for is :

- (1) Respect of the present zones of Allied occupation, on the principle laid down by the Allied High Commissioners, up to ratification of peace.
- (2) A limit of gendarmerie in Thrace, but actually to be fixed by Allied missions on which you will be represented.
- (3) Presence of Allied detachments and missions in Thrace for a very limited period.

' With a view to this, the Allied Generals have prepared a convention in accordance with the instructions of our Governments. This we now present to you. It does not admit of much discussion, because we have already discussed most of the points. It is for you to decide whether you will accept. We sincerely and earnestly hope that you will. As I have said above, it appears to us to give you your national aspirations and you obtain them peacefully.

' I am in a position also to inform you that the Greek delegates will, I think, be disposed to sign this convention with certain reservations which will be put forward. I would propose that this convention now be read. After that, you will no doubt wish to discuss the points with us and by yourselves, and we can then fix an hour at which you will give us your final answer.

' Before I finish, I feel I must strike a solemn note. Upon your answer depends a great deal. In all solemnity I ask you whether the Allied Powers have not conceded in the main with your view-point, and, if this is so, then, with the knowledge of the suffering and privation of the last few years, when all our lands were affected by the God of War, with the knowledge that upon peace depends the good and prosperity of Turkey, will you reject an honest and straightforward attempt to establish the bases of that peace ? '

I returned next day to Mudania in H.M.S. 'Carysfort,' commanded by Commander Carpenter, V.C. So certain was I that the conference was bound to break down that I produce here the unfinished draft of the speech which I was going to make before negotiations were finally broken off:

'Your Excellency, I have heard your observations. I have heard them with regret. I can only report that the Allied Generals have done their utmost to meet your wishes. The convention we submitted to you last night represents, as we told you, the limit to which we can go. We feel that we have done all that is humanly possible. It is useless for me to repeat what I said yesterday. We have given you all in our power. You were asked by the Powers to give very little in return. You have given nothing. I am forced to repeat—nothing. And yet, Your Excellency, you have assured us repeatedly that you and your Government desire peace. I know, Your Excellency, that your own character is marked by your great concern to avoid destruction, pillage and massacre. You desire peace, which is the only means of avoiding and stopping what I have described. I said last night that we should have to take a very serious decision in this room, and I have prayed very earnestly that wise counsels might prevail. We are now at the parting of the ways. Peace on the one side and a very dark future on the other. Your Government refuses the former and prefers to plunge a large portion of mankind into . . . ' (unfinished).

I had left Generals Charpy and Mombelli at Mudania over night to do what they could. They met me on landing and I asked them the situation. (I have omitted to say that I naturally informed the War Office and Government at home of the failure of the previous day.) The Generals, to my surprise, told me that the situation was much improved, that Ismet had been talking to Mustapha Kemal several times during the night, and that there were really only six major points outstanding. On arrival at the conference-room, I received a telegram from the Government authorising me to start operations if necessary, and supporting my action, and I got a second one afterwards. I only wish I had the copies to quote. I put them both in my pocket. I also got a telegram from General Marden to say that the position was impossible and that he could not hold it any longer. I authorised him to open fire at a certain hour.

We resumed the conference on the outstanding points. I remember the scene so well. We agreed to transfer the first two points, being purely political, to Lausanne. The next two I won; I don't think they were very important. The next point was the area I had claimed round Chanak in my memorandum of the previous day; I have forgotten the places, but I think it was an arc of about twenty-five miles. Ismet Pasha said that he could not agree, and that there was a deadlock. I had been instructed from home that I must get that area. The scene is before me now—that awful room—only an oil lamp. I can see Ismet's Chief of Staff—he never took his eyes off me. I paced up one side of the room saying that I must have that area and would agree to nothing less. Islet paced up the other side saying that he would not agree. Then quite suddenly, he said: 'J'accepte.' I was never so surprised in my life! I have never done any acting, but I think I must have impressed him as I walked up and down that awful room.

I then realised that there was still one outstanding point, the number of Turkish gendarmes to be allowed in Eastern Thrace. The French and Italians were not interested. They did not mind how many, but our Government had told me that I must get a fixed number. So we sat down again around the conference table. My legal adviser, Major Sims Marshall, whispered to me: 'Get a number; it doesn't matter a damn.' I then quite solemnly said to Ismet Pasha: 'What number of gendarmes do you think necessary?' And he said: 'Nine thousand.' I pretended to be amazed, and we adjourned to our Generals' room to consider. The Allied Generals had considered that they would require 7500, so we solemnly returned to Ismet and I told him that his estimate was much too high, and we thought 7500 enough, but I then stretched across the table and shook him by the hand and said: 'Here is another five hundred,' and we closed on 8000, well knowing that they would not abide by any number laid down.

I suddenly realised that agreement had been reached. I wired to General Marden, who got my message seventy-five minutes before he was going to open fire. I did not think of the telegrams in my pocket. I only thought that our nation did not want another war so soon. I was glad

to have done something to avert it, it so very nearly happened. I was glad of that word : ' J'accepte.'

After it was over, both the French and Italian Generals suggested that we should meet on the morrow to sign. I said : ' No, we remain till we sign.' We sat for fifteen more hours, until 7.15 a.m. next morning, while the agreement was translated into five different languages. I knew full well that they would telephone to Mustapha Kemal at Angora to go back on it. It was a terrible night.

I returned to Constantinople next morning in the ' Carysfort,' saluted by the Fleet and met by squadrons of the R.A.F. I hoped that I had done something for my country in averting war. I little thought, and only learnt from Lord Curzon himself, on my return to England a year later, in October 1933, that Mr Lloyd George and others had actually proposed a vote of censure on me that Sunday night for not having obeyed those telegrams in my pocket and thereby committed us to another war, and that Lord Curzon had walked out of the Cabinet and refused to allow that vote of censure. I got those wires just when there was a ray of hope for peace, and I thought it was peace that my country wanted. Apparently war would have kept Mr Lloyd George and the Coalition Government in office. That meant nothing to me ; I was a soldier of the Crown, and my duty was to serve any Government in power.

The above is the true story of Mudania and Chanak. I may perhaps be forgiven for quoting the following extracts from General Sir Frederick Maurice's ' Life of Haldane ' :

' Neither the French nor the Italians were at all anxious to quarrel with Kemal, and we were left to deal with the problem alone. Lloyd George was eager to fight it out and prevent the Young Turks from regaining Constantinople, from which the Sultan had fled. Reinforcements were hurried out and the Prime Minister appealed to the Dominions for help. There was a very cold response to this appeal, and it became evident that the country at home was in no mood for a war with Turkey. Eventually, thanks to the tact and firmness of General Sir Charles Harington, a provisional agreement, by which the Turks were permitted to cross the Bosphorus and enter Thrace, was concluded, and the danger of war disappeared.'

I attach letters which I received from both Mustapha Kemal and Ismet after the agreement made at Mudania

and also the copy of a wire received from the Army Council.

' EXCELLENCE,

' J'ai l'honneur de porter à votre connaissance que les sincères sentiments d'appréciation réciproque qui ont régné pendant la Conférence de Moudania, entre le Général Ismet Pacha, le représentant de la Turquie et Votre Excellence, nous ont causé un réel plaisir et je souhaite et j'espère au nom de l'humanité que tous les efforts déployés pour la paix soient couronnés de succès.

' Je présente, en outre, mes remerciements pour le désir que Votre Excellence a bien voulu exprimer pour une rencontre avec moi, et jet vous salue, Excellence.

' Le Président de la Grande Assemblée Nationale de Turquie.

' Le Commandant en Chef :

' (signé) MOUSTAFA KEMAL.'

Ismet's letter was as follows :

' EXCELLENCE,

' Je garde avec un sentiment de profonde appréciation les souvenirs d'une vie de labeur passée en collaboration avec Votre Excellence pendant la dernière Conférence de Moudania.

' Excellence, je souhaite sincèrement et ardemment que l'œuvre que nous avons créée ensemble soit un prélude conduisant nos pays à une paix éternelle.

' Celui qui a l'honneur d'avoir de profonds respects pour Votre Excellence.

' (Signé) ISMET.'

' Commandant du Front de l'Ouest.'

' To : General Harington.

' From : Proemial London.

' Personal. Heartiest congratulations on result of your patient labours.

' The Army Council have watched with confidence and pride your progress in surmounting the serious difficulties of most complicated negotiations.'

C. H. HARINGTON.

[The above article, dealing with a notable episode, in which General Harington saved this country from another war, will be included in the General's reminiscences, 'Tim Harington Looks Back,' which will be published very shortly. —Editor, 'Q.R.']

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

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| Allenby, a Study in Greatness. General Sir Archibald Wavell. | Portrait of a Colony. Alan F. Hattersley. |
| Clemenceau. Léon Daudet. | War Pamphlets. |
| Jewish Fate and Future. Dr Arthur Ruppin. | Under Four Tudors. Edith Weir Perry. |
| The Machinery of Justice in England. R. M. Jackson, LL.D. | Early Victorian Cambridge. D. A. Winstanley. |
| The Handbook of British Birds. | Essays by Divers Hands. |

GENERAL SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL in his 'Allenby, a Study in Greatness' (Harrap), gives himself a challenge in his subtitle. What is greatness? Is it physical or moral stature, or character, or successful achievement, or resolution in adversity, or high-spiritual gifts, or a mixture of more than one of these qualities? Of Allenby's physical and moral stature there can be no doubt, nor of his intense loyalty, high character, self-reliance, courage, and thoroughness in all he undertook. In achievement he was a capable column commander in South Africa, a resolute cavalry commander in France in 1914-15, but not without serious critics, and an able army commander engaged in a form of war for which he was not specially suited and quite out of sympathy with his chief, Haig. Then he was transferred to the Egyptian command (which at first he sadly thought was no promotion) and, like the sun, he rose in the East to the brilliance of the Palestine campaign in conditions which gave his great abilities full scope and where meticulously careful preparation, leading to bold and at times seemingly rash strategy, brought spectacular success. In that memorable year Allenby proved his greatness in achievement and with the end of the campaign the present volume ends. The author gives a vivid picture of the 'Bull,' as Allenby was generally known, largely owing to his fierce and explosive bursts of temper, which always alarmed, but seldom left any bitter sting behind. He was made Viscount Allenby of Megiddo and Felixstowe, and these are not meaningless names, for while one records the conqueror of Palestine, the other records the East Anglian countryman, with his love of beasts and birds and flowers, a side of his character perhaps unexpected but so much a part of him that no portrait is complete without it.

The publication of '*Clemenceau*,' by Léon Daudet (Wm. Hodge and Co.) is timely. It has taken this war to teach us fully what the French and ourselves owed to 'the Tiger' in the last war. Alas! there was in 1940 no single figure disinterested enough to personify for France the will to victory and scold, force, bully, and wheedle her to the desired goal. Clemenceau was a youth, sensitive to the failure of his country, in 1870. Throughout the greater part of his long career there is little to prove that he was in any way much above the ordinary French careerist who fights or intrigues his way from poverty and obscurity to plenty and notoriety via journalism and politics—not even disdaining such aid as might be picked up by the unfastidious French politician in the *cocotte's* parlour.

The inner rottenness of French politics since the Revolution arises from the fact that very few of her politicians had any morals. Napoleon, for example, knew quite well that Joséphine was the mistress of Barras, but that did not prevent his marrying her from motives of advancement or, later, with unparalleled cynicism, having her crowned Empress of the French by the Pope. Where Clemenceau rose head and shoulders above Poincaré and the others was that soon after middle age his fervent patriotism and devotion to his country became selfless and disinterested. He led France to victory in 1918, but, even had he lived, he could not have led her to her proper place as the leading Power in a peaceful Europe because his patriotism, fervent though it was, had neither spiritual nor moral foundations. Blaming the Royalists for all the evils of the Revolution and the Bonapartists for the horrors and humiliations of 1870, he shut his eyes firmly to the manifold imperfections of the Republic, and never had even an inkling of the truth that democracy cannot survive unless it is led by true aristocrats: that is to say, those who are by birth above the crowd because of their social, moral, and spiritual inheritance. It is curious to find Léon Daudet, the most ardent and indiscriminating of French Royalists, writing with extreme praise of a man who hated all Royalists. It is questionable if the novelist's technique, so appropriately M. Daudet's own, is suitable to biography and, whether functioning as novelist or biographer, M. Daudet

has great difficulty in keeping himself off the stage. In a not very successful attempt to recreate the past in terms of the theatre, M. Daudet has overlaid the life in his first chapters with a crowd of not very distinguished writers and politicians who stick like dead wasps to the soiled hems of history simply because they were either friends or enemies of Clemenceau decades before he became 'The Tiger.' With the advent of the war of 1914-18 and its sequel the story becomes absorbing. Littleness falls away from both the writer and his subject, and we have vivid glimpses of what a fine artist M. Daudet can be when he allows himself his authentic stature. One question must, however, be asked: Is it quite worthy of M. Daudet to pretend that he has little or no knowledge of anything the British Empire may have contributed to the defeat of Germany in 1918?

Searching, as we must, for the cause of the French collapse in the present war, one must look backwards. Writing of politics in the decade that began in 1880 M. Daudet writes: 'How many people there were who proclaimed incendiary motions in the cafés and elsewhere, but in the lobbies of the Chamber compounded with their worst adversaries, sometimes for a bribe, sometimes out of snobbishness, or so as to get friendly with the "big bugs" whose word was law in the Committees.' There you have political France summarised by a patriotic Frenchman.

In 'Jewish Fate and Future' (Macmillan) Dr Arthur Ruppin, Professor of Jewish Sociology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, has given us what is likely to remain for many years to come a standard work of reference on the statistical side of the Jewish question. Strictly objective, careful, exact, it puts before the reader an authoritative account of Jewish vicissitudes throughout the world from the earliest times until the eve of the present war. Douche after douche of the cold waters of fact obliterate all the heated and rhetorical nonsense that has been written about the Jewish danger and Jewish dominance. In a world totalling some 2150 millions of people the Jews only numbered at the end of 1938 16,717,000, or 0.78 of the whole. Divided into several different branches, each with its own marked characteristics, the Jews are not an outlandish people, but belong

to the Eastern branch of the Mediterranean race. In passing, Professor Ruppin furnishes us with some very interesting facts, such as that there are only two hundred Samaritans left in Palestine; before the Crusades the Jews were largely an agrarian people; they have quicker brains and are better business men than the average Eastern European for two reasons: they are an older race and, as a nomadic people, they have been engaged in trade as middlemen far longer than either Eastern or Western Europeans, who have only become commercialised within the last century or so.

To talk of numerical danger to Germany from her Jewish population is sheer nonsense. At the end of 1938, with a population of seventy million she had 330,000 Jews; while Austria, declared to be Jew-ridden, with a population of approaching eight million had 145,000. The U.S.A., with 4,700,000, had the largest Jewish population in the world, whereas Germany (including Austria) was sixth in the list with only Palestine, Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and Czecho-Slovakia below her. The U.S.A., Poland, and Soviet Russia harboured between them about two-thirds of the Jews of the world. Take another aspect of the question: the Jewish population of Berlin represented 0·8 of all the Jews in the country, and even in Vienna they were only 2·8 of all Austrian Jews. Then take the occupations of Jews in Germany: 0·4 were engaged in agriculture and fisheries; 2·5 in trade, insurance, and transport; 1·1 in public services and independent professions; 0·3 in domestic service, and none at all in the army, navy, or air service. In Hungary 9·0, in Poland 13·4, and in Palestine 49·1 per cent. of the population were engaged in the public services and independent professions. These figures completely refute the German charge that the public and professional services were being monopolised by Jews. In the U.S.A., where Jews are perfectly free to follow their natural bent, industry and trade attract just over 50 per cent. of the Jewish population and the liberal professions only 7·4 per cent. Of the total of 310,000 Jews forced to leave Germany, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia before August 1939, 65,000 found a home in Palestine under British protection and some 45,000 found at least a temporary home in England. The plight of

the European Jews has, of course, steadily deteriorated since then. As is well known, the Jews are a steadily declining people and they are, in addition, steadily losing ground because of conversions and mixed marriages. Their mortality is greater than amongst Christians; diseases of the respiratory and urinary systems are less frequent than amongst Christians, but those of the circulation, such as heart disease, arterio-sclerosis, and the digestive organs more frequent. Diabetes is much more frequent amongst Jews, especially wealthy ones, while cancer kills proportionately more Jews than Christians.

In a brief concluding chapter Professor Ruppin deals with the rebuilding of Palestine and the conflict between Jews and Arabs. Professor Ruppin's conclusion is that : 'The Jewish religion alone, which in the past welded the Jews together and kept them as a special group, cannot do so any longer.'

To the ordinary layman who is bewildered by the processes and organisation of the law, 'The Machinery of Justice in England,' by R. M. Jackson, LL.D. (Cambridge University Press), will come as a great boon. We all know of the terms 'civil jurisdiction' and 'criminal jurisdiction,' of High Courts of Justice, of Courts of Appeal, and the Privy Council. We all hear of petty sessions and quarter sessions, of juvenile courts, of recorders, stipendiaries, and J.P.'s, not to mention Masters and other officials, but most of us would find it hard to define the scope and nature of the duties of each, or to say how they fit into the general organisation. This book gives a clear account of all the various courts and of the brethren of the law from the Lord Chancellor down to solicitors' clerks. It also has a useful chapter on the Cost of the Law, an important subject with which the 'Quarterly Review' has dealt more than once. The historical introduction dealing with the development of the law and its administration is also useful and interesting, and altogether the volume combines the value of a work of reference with the qualities of good continuous reading.

Messrs Witherby are to be heartily congratulated on their enterprise in carrying on the issue of the notable series of volumes of 'The Handbook of British Birds,' in spite of the many handicaps of war time. Volume 4 has lately appeared by Messrs H. F. Witherby, F. C. R.

Jourdain, N. F. Ticehurst, and B. W. Tucker, containing 32 pages of coloured plates and nearly 100 illustrations and maps in the text and over 470 pages of reading matter. Cormorants, gannets, petrels, grebes, doves, sand grouse, curlews, woodcock, snipe, dunlins, phalaropes, sandpipers, plovers, cranes, and bustards are among the well-known birds dealt with, and as in former volumes most useful information is given about field-character and general habits, voice, breeding, distribution, and migration. The amount of this information is perhaps somewhat overwhelming to the ordinary amateur lover of birds, but it is extremely valuable to the serious student, and all can find much in the volume to instruct and interest them. In these grim days of war when our coasts are echoing very different sounds from the cries of birds there may still be stretches where the bird lover can find peace and forgetfulness of strife, and many others who no longer have opportunities of bird watching can recall happy hours in the past when they dip anywhere into a notable volume like this.

'Portrait of a Colony,' by Alan F. Hattersley (Cambridge University Press), is an accurate, pleasantly written history of the early days of Natal, which must surely be one of the most attractive of the African colonies. Mr Hattersley says: 'Because the presence of coal was indicated and because the British Government saw no other means of keeping the peace between emigrant Boer farmers from the Cape and the native tribes, Natal had been annexed in 1843.' There you have the secret of why we acquired, all too often unwillingly enough, most of our Colonial Empire. Soon it was discovered that Natal could grow good cotton; Manchester became interested and Earl Grey 'could not deny that cotton production was an important national object!' It is interesting to note that of the first one hundred immigrants to enter Natal quite a number were Germans, which does not go to prove that we have always prevented German subjects becoming colonisers. Dealing with a small colony where political development was on the whole normal and orderly, the historian must necessarily devote himself to the domestic, social, and personal aspects of his subject, and Mr Hattersley has been at great pains to reconstruct these with accuracy. He paints

a vivid and pleasing picture of life in the new Colony during the earlier years of the reign of Queen Victoria.

Messrs Macmillan are issuing a most useful and interesting series of **War Pamphlets**, of which the first eight are, 'Let There be Liberty,' by A. P. Herbert; 'War with Honour,' by A. A. Milne, 'Nordic Twilight,' by E. M. Forster; 'The Crooked Cross,' by the Dean of Chichester; 'Nazi and Nazarene,' by Monsignor Ronald Knox; 'When I Remember,' by J. R. Clynes; 'For Civilization,' by C. E. M. Joad; and 'The Rights of Man,' by Harold J. Laski. As will be gathered from the titles and writers, many evil Nazi practices are dealt with from many different points of view. We are told what Nazidom means in the way of personal slavery of body, mind, and spirit; we learn how the Nazis have persecuted both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Churches; Mr Milne shows how far he has travelled from the pacifism of his 'Peace with Honour,' published some years ago, now that he realizes that there can be no decent and honourable peace with Nazis. Mr Herbert deals with the question of liberty with all his accustomed force and sparkle, while Mr Clynes, recalling the evil conditions of labour when he was a child and the immense progress in welfare, social services, and economic conditions, which Labour has made and goes on making, contrasts the picture of a return to abject slavery which is all that Hitler gives. These well-written and convincing little booklets deserve a hearty welcome.

In '**Under Four Tudors**' (George Allen & Unwin) Miss Edith Weir Perry brings out clearly the great debt owed by the Church of England to Matthew Parker, seventieth Archbishop of Canterbury, who occupied the Chair of St Augustine from 1558 until his death in 1575. If not a great man or even a great primate, Parker is important because in consistently fighting against Elizabeth's hatred of a married clergy, and at the same time fighting for the retention by the newly Reformed Anglican Church of the Doctrine of the Real Presence, he enabled it to remain Catholic. In a period of faction, hatred, and double-dealing Parker remained tolerant, forgiving, and sincere. Much as he loved his sovereign and warmly as he admired her many great qualities, he was awake to her

shortcomings and on suitable occasions was never afraid to reprove her.

The wish to write serious history in a manner acceptable to the man in the street is unrealisable, and this addition to a long list of similar attempts has landed Miss Perry in many difficulties. Being of a compromising disposition and in love with his devoted wife, Parker no doubt sincerely believed in the ministry of a married clergy, but the authoress, in her search for the romantic, makes altogether too much of Margaret Harleston. With admirable sense and brevity John Strype describes Margaret as 'very comely and accomplished in all good endowments of mind and body,' as were most Englishwomen of her class and time, and leaves it at that. Not so Miss Perry, who writes: 'Imagination tries in vain to pierce the impenetrable mists of bygone centuries, to find Margaret conversing with Dr Parker, proving her intellectual worth, and with now and then a sparkling repartee.' Although Strype contents himself with saying they were 'very dear to one another' the authoress gives a whole chapter to what she insists was a great love affair. When dealing with the death of 'Bloody Mary' Miss Perry indulges in much conjecture: 'With the passing of that ill-starred queen, England burst into a pæan of thanksgiving.' There must, however, have been quite appreciable bits of England that did nothing of the sort, considering how strong the Papist faction remained, to trouble Elizabeth.

In 'Early Victorian Cambridge' (Cambridge University Press) Mr D. A. Winstanley, Vice-Master of Trinity College, uses a sober prose that is not only very attractive but peculiarly suited to his present subject. He has already placed all Cambridge lovers in his debt by his earlier studies of the history of the University. Beginning with a brief account of the 'Foundations of Downing College,' Mr Winstanley includes chapters on 'Undergraduates in Bonds,' 'The Attack of Heads of Houses,' 'Religious Tests,' 'Town and Gown,' 'Internal Reform,' 'The Royal Commission,' 'The Statutory Commission,' 'The Statutory Commissioners,' to his concluding chapter 'Cambridge as it Was.' Mr Winstanley has the art of making dead men live and gives us vivid sketches of such famous Cambridge figures as Philpott, Sedgwick, and, of

course, Whewell. But the interest and value of the study will not be confined to sons of Cambridge : because it deals almost entirely with the reform of the University, and its development from being a sort of appanage of the Church of England into a great national institution with a world-wide reputation, it will interest intelligent readers everywhere. The ordinary man will be astonished at how recently Cambridge won out from mediæval statutes and restraints to the freedom necessitated by modern conditions ; far ahead of his times in so many directions, the great work the Prince Consort did for Cambridge is fully recorded. For Whewell's initiative in inviting him to become Chancellor and for his own courage in accepting the office and discharging its duties so faithfully, the civilised world must be grateful. In 1849 Professor Corrie, the Master of Jesus, became Vice-Chancellor : an extreme Tory, he disliked the Chancellor, whom he considered a Radical, and wrote to the Prince's Private Secretary saying that he would rather not be invited to dine with His Royal Highness ! Mr Winstanley who, in spite of his sober style, can coin the fitting phrase, says of Corrie that 'the last ditch was his spiritual home.' It is amusing and comforting to learn on such indisputable authority how stupid and tiresome learned men can be about comparatively trivial matters, and many of the 'battles long ago,' here so faithfully described, make one doubt the reality of the Englishman's famous genius for compromise. The nineteenth century was an era of reform, during which everything was reformed except the reformers, who stubbornly remained what reformers always are : truculent, tiresome, and indispensable.

It is to be hoped that '**Essays by Divers Hands**' (Oxford University Press) will not be the last war volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature. The seven Lectures here printed are diverse in theme, and while all are of interest it would be unreasonable to expect to find all of equal value. The most important contributions are the two Tredegar Memorial Lectures. In 1938 Mr Richard Church chose as his title 'The Poet and the Novel' ; in 1939 Mr Michael Roberts entitled his address 'The Dignity of English Thought.' Although none of the contributors when preparing their papers are likely to have shaped either form or substance to the war necessities of

the hour, it is an interesting fact that a sincere artist dealing with a vital issue is always apt to the conditions in which he is read. In other words, truth and reality can always engage our hearts and minds no matter how urgent and tragic the necessities of the hour. In 'The Poet and the Novel' Mr Church, speaking of those who refuse to grow up or to face reality, says that none of us can escape from doing so except 'by arresting our development, by slipping into insanity, by sidetracking ourselves into anti-social conditions either pathological or criminal.' Is not this exactly what Germany has done? She refuses to face the fact that she was beaten in 1918, and therefore has to be taught the lesson a second time and with an even sterner rod. Mr Church finds that if he insists on going on writing epic poems, narrative verse, or verse-drama he is 'assuming fancy-dress just as surely as Edmund Spenser was when he wrote the "Shepherd's Calendar."' Therefore as he reaches maturity the wise modern poet comes down from the Ivory Tower, fitting enough abode for youth, meets the crowd on its own level, and, by braving reality, transcends it.'

Mr Michael Roberts is not afraid to stand aside from world affairs and ask his readers to consider 'The Dignity of English Thought': 'The King's English, like the King's Highway, must serve the common need, and the common man must have his watchdogs.' Defining dignity in thought, in letters, and in life as essentially the same, Mr Roberts says: 'The Admiral refuses to use methods that are in general inappropriate to his calling, even though they might for a moment suit his purpose.' Is not that remark apt to the moment? And so it is throughout these essays. Diverse as they are in theme, they have a fundamental unity in their insistence on the fact that to the poet and writer, as to the common citizen, moral astringents such as dignity, intelligence, mercy, courage, and cheerfulness are necessities without which poet and citizen must alike become infected with dry rot. In his paper entitled 'The Effect of Scientific Thought on the Arts and Literature' Dr Percy E. Spielmann has many wise and penetrating things to say; Mr N. Hardy Wallis rescues some Fugitive Poetry from the Eighteenth Century, and Mr A. Yusuf Ali presents to English readers a vivid sketch of the 'Doctrine of Human Personality in Iqbal's Poetry.'

INDEX

TO THE

TWO HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIFTH VOLUME OF THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of
articles are printed in italics.]

A.

Abeokuta, Alake of, 86.
Addison, Dr C., 129.
'Aden, Air Raid on,' 274-276.
**Agriculture and the Nation's
Food Supply,** 129-148.
'Air Raid on Aden,' 274-276.
Alec, W. C., 'The Social life of
Animals,' 155.
Alexander, Samuel, 'Philosophical
and Literary Pieces,' 152.
Amanullah, King, 168.
Anderson, Major General Hastings,
278.
Angelo, Michael, 222.
Anne, Queen, 1.
Aristophanes, 'Clouds,' 226.
Arnold, Matthew, 195, 216.
Attlee, Rt Hon. Clement, 82-83, 86,
89-90.
Aubrey, John, 'Brief Life of
Francis Bacon,' 220-221.
Auden, W. H., part author of 'I
Believe,' 155.
Austen, Jane, 217.

B.

Bacon, Francis, 222.
Bagehot, Walter, 216.
Bale, William, 222.
Barthou, Louis, 201.
Bazin, René, 'La Douce France,'
205.
Beaverbrook, Lord, 178.
Becon, Thomas, 222.
Bede, the Venerable, 224-225.
Benson, E. F., 186.

Bentham, Jeremy, 215.
Bergmann, Ernst, 'Die 25 Thesen
der Deutschreligion,' 66, 74-75.
Berkeley, Bishop, 219-220.
Berthold of Regensburg, 223.
Bevin, Ernest, 176, 178.
Blum, Léon, 202-203.
Blyton, W. J., 'The Return of Law,'
249.
Bonaventura, 224.
Books, Some Recent, 149-156, 291-
300.
Boswell, James, 218-219.
Boulanger, General Georges, 194.
Braddon, Miss R., 215.
Bragg, Sir William, 132.
Brett, S. Reed, 'The Long Parlia-
ment,' 107.
Briand, Aristide, 201, 203.
Bright, John, 47.
**British Diplomacy during the
First Year of the War,** 157-172.
Brock, Admiral Sir O. de B., 282.
Brogan D. W., 'The Development
of Modern France,' 190.
Broglie, Duc de, 193, 198.
Browne, Sir Thomas, 221.
Bryant, Arthur, 'Samuel Pepys, the
Man in the Making,' 227-229—
'Samuel Pepys, the Years of
Peril,' 227-229—'Samuel Pepys,
the Saviour of the Navy,' 227-229.
Bryce, James, 119-121.
Buck, Pearl, part author of 'I
Believe,' 156.
Burke, Edmund, 116, 218.
Burn, W. L., 'The Location of In-
dustry and the Distribution of
Population,' 47.
Butler, Bishop, 219.

Butler, R. A., M.P., 159.
Byron, Lord, 217.

C.

Carol II, King of Roumania, 162.
Carpenter, Commander, V.C., 287.
Carson, Sir Edward, 125.
Catherine of Braganza, 234.
Chamberlain, Houston Stewart, 68.
Chamberlain, Neville, 42, 137, 170, 176, 257-258.
Chambord, Henri, Comte de, 199-200.
Chanak, 1922, Mudania and, 277-290.
Chappell, Edwin, transcriber of 'Pepys' Shorthand Letters,' 227, 229, and of 'Pepys' Tangier Papers,' 227, 229.
Charles I, King, 107-110, 112.
Charles II, King, 113, 231, 233-234.
Charpy, General, 277, 283, 287.
Chesterfield, Lord, 191.
Chiappe, M., 201.
Church, Richard, 'The Poet and the Novel,' 299-300.
Churchill, Winston, 41-42, 122, 158, 169, 172, 176-178, 182, 187, 205, 257, 269, 277.
Clémenceau, Georges, 194-195, 201, 205.
Clynes, J. R., 'When I Remember,' 297.
Cobbett, William, 217.
Cobham, Alan, 278.
Coffin, Rev. Henry Sloane, 77.
Coleridge, S. T., 217.
Colet, John, 222.
Collins, Wilkie, 216.
Cooper, A. Duff, 177.
Corbet, Richard, 'Certain Elegant Poems,' 221.
Cowie, Donald, 'Our Imperial Apostates,' 81.
Cowper, William, 218.
Crémieux, Adolph, 191.
Cromwell, Oliver, 252.
Curzon, Marquess, 285, 289.

D.

Daladier, Edouard, 201.
Dale, Donald, 'The Greatness of Samuel Pepys,' 227.
Dante, 'Inferno,' 215.

Darwin, Charles, 240.

Daudet, Léon, 201—'Clémenceau,' 292-293.

Dennison, S. R., 'The Location of Industry and the Depressed Areas,' note 54.

Dacey, Albert Venn, 119.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus, 226.

Disraeli, Benjamin, 170.

Donne, John, 222.

Dorman-Smith, Sir Reginald, 136-137.

Doumergue, Gaston, 202.

Dreyfus, Captain, 194.

Dreyfus, R., 'La République de M. Thiers,' 190.

Drinkwater, John, 'Pepys: His Life and Character,' 227-228.

Dryden, John, 220.

Ducrot, General, 192.

E.

Eadmer, on Anselm, 224.

'Education Year Book for 1940, The,' 93-95, 97-98.

Einstein, Professor, part author of 'I Believe,' 156.

Eliot, George, 216.

Elizabeth, Queen, 111, 184.

Ellenborough, Lord, 18.

Elliot, Walter, M.P., 129.

Erasmus, 222-223.

'Essays by Divers Hands,' 299-300.

Eugénie, Empress, 191.

Evans, Frederic, M.B.E., 'Social Problems in the Housing of the People,' 91.

Evelyn, John, on Samuel Pepys, 237.

F.

Falls, Captain Cyril, 'History of the Great War, Military Operations, France and Belgium, 1917,' 149.

Favre, Jules, 191, 201.

Ferraro, Professor Guglielmo, 'The Gamble: Bonaparte in Italy, 1796-7,' 127.

Ferry, Jules, 194, 201.

Firth, Sir Charles, 122.

Fisher, H. A. L., 118-128.

Fisher, Mrs H. A. L., 118.

Fisher, Herbert William, 118.

Flandin, Pierre Etienne, 202, 204.
 Floquet, Charles Thomas, 194.
 Forster, E. M., part author of 'I Believe,' 155.
 Fourichon, Admiral, 191.
 Fox, Dixon Ryan, 205.
 Franklin-Bouillon, M., 283.
 Freud, Sigmund, 206.
 From Oxford to the Army, 28-46.

G.

Gambetta, Léon, 192-193, 200-201.
 Gater, Sir George, joint editor of 'Survey of London, vol. XX, Trafalgar Square and Neighbourhood,' 151-152.
 George V, and the Merchant Navy, 4.
 German Mentality, Limitations of the, 206-214.
 Germany, The Neo-Pagan Movement in, 66-80.
 Glaber, Ralph, 224.
 Gladstone, W. E., 125.
 Godfrey, Walter H., joint editor of 'Survey of London, vol. XX, Trafalgar Square and Neighbourhood,' 151-152.
 Goebbels, Dr, 175, 207.
 Goering, Reichs Marshal, 183.
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 218-219.
 Good Old Times, The, 215-226.
 Gould-Adams, R. J. M., 'From Oxford to the Army,' 28.
 Gorell, Lord, C.B.E., M.C., 'Britain at War,' 173.
 Gort, Viscount, 186.
 Grant Robertson, Sir Charles, 'The Racial Conception of the World,' 75.
 Greatness of Samuel Pepys, The, 227-238.
 Gregory, Sir William, 'Religion in Science and Civilisation,' 154-155.
 Grey of Fallodon, Viscount, 119, 215.

H.

Habsburg Monarchy, fall of, 190.
 Haig, F.-Marshal Earl, 33, 182.
 Halévy, D., 'La Fin des Notables,' 190.
 H. A. L. Fisher, 118-128.

Halifax, Viscount, 158-159, 173-174, 186, 257-258.
 Halliday, Dr J. L., on causes and effects of unemployment, 57.
 Hamilton, Robert, 'The Spirit of W. H. Hudson: An Evaluation,' 239.
 Hampden, John, 'An Eighteenth Century Journal,' 153.
 'Handbook of British Birds, The,' 295-296.
 Harene, Major, 281.
 Harrington, General Sir Charles, G.C.B., G.B.E., 'Mudania and Chanak, 1922,' 277.
 Harper, Vice-Admiral J. E. T., C.B., 'Our Merchant Navy,' 1.
 Hart-Synnot, Ronald, D.S.O., O.B.E., 'Agriculture and the Nation's Food Supply,' 129.
 Hattersley, Alan F., 'Portrait of a Colony,' 296-297.
 Hauer, Professor, 73.
 Hearne, Thomas, 219.
 Henderson, Sir Neville, 257.
 Herbert, A. P., 37, 'Let there be Liberty,' 297.
 Herbert, George, 222.
 Herriot, Edouard, 197-201.
 Hinsley, Cardinal, 258.
 Hitler, Adolph, 67-69, 75, 78, 80, 85, 157-159, 161, 165-167, 169-170, 174-176, 179, 181-182, 184, 202, 206, 208-211, 250, 253, 257, 269.
 Holland, Commander L., 281.
 Hooker, Richard, 220, 222.
 Horace, 225.
 Hore-Belisha, Leslie, 29.
 Housing of the People, Social Problems in the, 91-106.
 Howe, Dr E. Graham, 'Motives and Mechanisms of the Mind,' 13.
 Hudson, W. H., The Spirit of: An Evaluation, 239-248.
 Hume, David, 219.
 Huxley, Aldous, 239.
 Huxley, Julian, part author of 'I Believe,' 156.

I.

Ilbert, Sir Courtenay, 118.
 Illegitimate Child, The, 13-27.
 Imperial Apostates, Our, 81-90.
 Irving, William Henry, 'John Gay,' 156.
 Ismet Pasha, General, 282-285, 287-290.

J.

- Jackson, R. M., LL.D., 'The Machinery of Justice in England,' 295.
 James I, King, 110.
 James II, King, 113.
 Jefferson, Thomas, 205.
 Jessel, Sir George, 19.
 Johnson, Dr Samuel, 218-219, 221.
 Jones, Professor J. H., on distribution, of population, 52-53.
 Joseph II, Emperor, 191.
 Josephus, 225.

K.

- Kasim Orbay Pasha, 281.
 Keble, John, 217.
 Keith, Sir Arthur, part author of 'I Believe,' 155.
 Kelly, Admiral John, 277, 279-280.
Key to Religious Indifference, The, 260-271.
 Keynes, J. M., 'The Economic Consequences of the Peace,' 206.
 Kipling, Rudyard, 163.
 Kusserow, Wilhelm, 'Das Nordische Artbekenntnis,' 66, 73.

L.

- Laski, Harold, part author of 'I Believe,' 155.
 Laud, Archbishop, 108, 110.
 Laval, Pierre, 202, 204.
Law, The Return of, 249-259.
 Lawrence, Sir Henry, 186.
 League of Nations, 159-161.
 Leo XIII, Pope, 200.
 Leslie, Alexander, 108.
 Leveson Gower, Lieutenant, 281-282.
 Ley, Dr Robert, 'Schulungsbrief,' 75.
Limitations of the German Mentality, 206-214.
 Livy, 225.
 Lloyd, Lord, and importance of the Mercantile Marine, 4.
 Lloyd, Meredith, 220.
 Lloyd, Rev. Canon Roger, 'The Key to Religious Indifference,' 260.
 Lloyd George, David, 123, 125, 278, 289.

Location of Industry and the Distribution of Population, The, 47-65.

- Long Parliament, The**, 107-117.
 Louis XIV, 157.
 Lowell, Russel, 252.
 Lubbock, David, joint author of 'Feeding the People in War-time,' 129, 132.
 Ludendorff, General, 74.
 Lushington's 'Law of Affiliation and Bastardy,' 13, 19-20.

M.

- MacDonald, Malcolm, M.P., 90.
 MacMahon, Marshal, 193, 198.
 Maitland, Frederick William, 119, 121.
 Malory, Sir Thomas, 'Morte d'Arthur,' 252.
 Mann, Thomas, part author of 'I Believe,' 155.
 Marden, Major General T. O., 281-282, 284, 287-288.
Marriott, Sir John, 'H. A. L. Fisher,' 118-'English History in English Fiction,' 152-153.
 Marshall, Major Sims, 288.
 Mary II, Queen, 113.
 Maule, Mr Justice, 19.
 Maurice, General Sir Fredrick, 'Life of Haldane,' 289.
 Maurras, Charles, 201.
Merchant Navy, Our, 1-12.
 Merthyr, Lord, 21.
 Metternich, Chancellor, 191.
 Milne, A. A., 'War with Honour,' 297.
 Milne, F.-Marshal Lord, 277.
 Milton, John, 221.
 Mitchell, Chalmers, 240.
 Molière, 'Le Malade Imaginaire,' 220-221.
 Mombelli, General, 277, 283, 287.
 Montfort, Simon de, 107.
 Morley, Viscount, 121-122, 124.
 Morrison, Herbert, 176, 178.
 Morrison, R. C., M.P., policy at Ministry of Agriculture, 131, note 135, 143.
Mowat, Professor R. B., M.A., D.Litt., 'The Third French Republic,' 190.
Mudania and Chanak, 1922, 277-290.

Mullins, Claude, 'The Illegitimate Child,' 13.
Mussolini, Benito, 187, 202, 253.
Mustapha Kemal Ataturk, 287, 289-290.
Myre, John, 223.

N.

Napoleon I, 157-159, 184, 194.
Nation's Food Supply, Agriculture and the, 129-148.
Neale, Dr, 224.
Neo-Pagan Movement in Germany, The, 66-80.
Newton, Bishop, 218-219.
Nicholas II, Czar, 161.
Nicholson, Hon. Harold, 210.
Nietzsche, 68.
Norlin, Dr George, 75.

O.

Orr, Sir John, joint author of 'Feeding the People in War-time,' 129, 132-134, 147.
Our Imperial Apostates, 81-90.
Our Merchant, Navy, 1-12.
Owen, John, 217.

P.

Paassen, P. van, 'Days of Our Years,' 190, 194, 196.
Palikao, Count, 191.
Pascal, 221.
Pepys, John, 230.
Pepys, Samuel, The Greatness of, 227-238.
Perry, Edith Weir, 'Under Four Tudors,' 297-298.
Pétain, Marshall, 204.
Petherick, Captain J. E., 279-281.
Petrie, Sir Charles, Bart., 'British Diplomacy during the First Year of the War,' 157.
Pirow, Oswald, 86.
Pitt, William, 125.
Plato, 'Laws,' 226.
Plumer, F.-Marshal Viscount, 277-278.
Plumer, Viscountess, 277.
Plunkett, late Sir Horace, 147.
Poincaré, Raymond, 201, 285.
Pope, Alexander, 220.

Population, The Location of Industry and the Distribution of, 47-65.

Priestley, J. B., 270.
Prynne, William, 221.
Pusey, Edward Bouverie, 216-217.
Pym, John, 111-112, 116.

R.

Rauschnig, Hermann, 'Germany's Revolution of Destruction,' 268, —'Hitler Speaks,' 268.
'Red Sea Convoy, A.', 272-274.
Religious Indifference, The Key to, 260-271.
'Report by the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Bastardy Bill.', 13.
Return of Law, The, 249-259.
Reynaud, Paul, 204.
Roberts, Michael, 'The Dignity of English Thought,' 299-300.
Roberts, Morley, 240.
Rogers, Rev. Professor C., 'The Good Old Times,' 215.
Rogers, Will, 197.
Roosevelt, President Franklin, 166, 257-258.
Rosenberg, Alfred, 'Mythus des 20n Jahrhunderts,' 66, 69-71, 73-74, 78-80.
Ross, Sir Denison, 159.
Rousseau, J. J., 219.
Rumbold, Sir Horace, 284.
Ruppin, Dr Arthur, 'Jewish Fate and Future,' 293-295.
Russell, Bertrand, part author of 'I Believe,' 155.

S.

Sandwich, 1st Earl of, 230-231, 234.
Sarrail, General, 158.
Selborne, 2nd Earl of, 119.
Selby-Bigge, Sir Amherst, 123.
Shakespeare, 'Twelfth Night,' 229.
Shuttleworth, Major General Sir Digby, 277-279, 281-282.
Simon, Jules, 193.
Sinclair, Catherine, 'Holiday House,' 216.
Sinclair, Robert, 'Metropolitan Man,' 101.
Smuts, General, 204.

Social Problems in the Housing of the People, 91-106.

Some Recent Books, 149-156, 291-300.

Spence, Lewis, 'The Neo-Pagan Movement in Germany,' 66.

Spirit of W. H. Hudson, The: An Evaluation, 239-248.

Stalin, Joseph, 161-162.

Stapledon, Sir George, 145.

Stark, Freya, 'Two Eastern War Episodes,' 272-276.

Starkie, Walter, 'Grand Inquisitor,' 150-151.

Stavisky Swindles, 201.

Steele, Brig.-General Julian, 282, 284.

Steiner, Rudolf, 69.

Stephen, Leslie, 118.

Strafford, Thomas Wentworth, Earl of, 110-111.

Streicher, Julius, 78-79.

Streit, Clarence, 'Union Now,' 83.

'Study on the Legal Position of the Illegitimate Child,' 13, 16.

Sutton, Eric, 'Gustav Stresemann, His Diaries, Letters and Papers,' 149-150.

Swift, Dean, 81, 252.

Sydney, Sir Philip, 220.

T.

Tanner, Dr J. R., 'Mr. Pepys,' 227-229.

Tardieu, André, 197.

Tasso, 222.

Tennyson, 'Locksley Hall,' 215-216.

Thiers, Louis Adolphe, 192-193, 199, 201, 205.

Third French Republic, The, 190-205.

Thomas, Brinley, on redistribution of population, 51.

Thompson, Dorothy, 205.

Tournay, Stephen, Bishop of, 224.

Transjordanian, Emir Abdullah of, 87.

Tredgold, R. C., 87-88.

Trevelyan, Professor G. M., 114.

Trollope, Anthony, 215-216.

Trotter, Wilfred, 'The Herd Instinct in Peace and War,' 206-214.

Two Eastern War Episodes, 272-276.

V.

Vergil, 220, 225.

Victoria, Queen, 216.

Voltaire, 'Essai sur les Moeurs,' 223.

W.

Wagner, Richard, 68.

Wallis, Dr, on Samuel Pepys, 236.

Walton, Isaak, 221.

Walworth, George, 'Feeding the Nation in Peace and War,' 129, 132-134, 147-148.

War Episodes, Two Eastern, 272-276.

Warner, Oliver, 'Limitations of the German Mentality,' 206.

'War Pamphlets,' 297.

Wavell, General Sir Archibald, 'Allenby, A Study in Greatness,' 291.

Wellington, 1st Duke of, 32.

Wells, H. G., part author of, 'I Believe,' 156.

Wesley, John, 219.

West, Rebecca, part author of 'I believe,' 156.

Whipple, A. W., and rehousing in Nottingham, 93-94.

William III, King, 113-114.

Williams, Dr Vaughan, 119.

Wilkie, Wendell, 166.

Winnington-Ingram, Bishop, 'Fifty Years' Work in London,' 153-154.

Winstanley, D. A., 'Early Victorian Cambridge,' 298-299.

Woodforde, Rev. James, 218.

Wordsworth, William, 217-218.

Z.

Zévaès, A., 'Au Temps de Boulangisme,' 190.

Zola, Emile, on the Dreyfus Affair, 194-195.

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